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Si el m' y fuis afujette, yranqui ne
vous y afeujettifais vous pas aufsi
le vis tenta e rat, e tat tente tata e
vis
C'est un ongüal qui ne se defonje
nalifsera jamais
Cinq saints cents avoient chacun
sur leur sein un seing
Dion dit-on dine da dindon
D'ici vu a Lansecouli fis cent fis
luifses fuier fis cent lanifses dont
lis en fouré et fis cent fans flanie
Monsieur Lanfslouis combien contient
s fis fanifses ii ? Es fis fanifses ?
contient fis foure ? Ah Monsieur de
fouri es fis fanifses ii font tre
Reneo

POMPEY
The Little

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THE

HISTORY

OF

Pompey *the* Little.

OR, THE

LIFE and ADVENTURES

OF A

LAP-DOG.

[By Francis Coventry]

—*greſſumque Canes comitantur hreilem.*

VIR. Æn.

—— *mutato nomine de te*
Fabula narratur. HOR.

DUBLIN:

Printed by GEORGE FAULKNER, in *Eſſex-ſtreet.*

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THE HISTORY OF POMPEY *the* LITTLE.

BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

A Panegyric upon Dogs, together with some Observations on modern Novels and Romances.

VARIOUS and wonderful, in all Ages, have been the Actions of Dogs; and if I ſhould ſet myſelf to collect, from Poets and Hiſtorians, the many Paſſages that make honourable mention of them, I ſhould compoſe a Work much too large and voluminous for the Patience of any modern Reader. But as the Politicians of the Age, and Men of Gravity may be apt to cenſure me for miſpending my Time in writing the Adventures of a Lap-Dog, when there are ſo many *modern Heroes*, whoſe illuſtrious Actions call loudly for the Pen of an Hiſtorian; it will not be amiſs to detain

the Reader, in the Entrance of this Work, with a ſhort Panegyric on the *canine Race*, to juſtify my undertaking it,

AND can we, without the baſeſt Ingratitude, think ill of an Animal, that has ever honoured Mankind with his Company and Friendſhip, from the Beginning of the World to the preſent Moment? While all other Creatures are in a State of Enmity with us, ſome flying into Woods and Wilderneſſes to eſcape our Tyranny, and others requiring to be reſtrained with Bridles and Fences in cloſe Confinement; Dogs alone enter into voluntary Friendſhip with us, and of their own accord make their Reſidence among us.

NOR do they trouble us only with officious Fidelity, and uſeleſs Good-will, but take care to earn their Livelihood by many meritorious Services: they guard our Houſes, ſupply our Tables with Proviſion, amuſe our leiſure Hours, and diſcover Plots to the Government. Nay, I have heard of a Dog's making a Syllogiſm; which cannot fail to endear him to our two famous Univerſities, where his Brother-Logicians are ſo honoured and diſtinguiſhed for their Skill in that *uſeful* Science.

AFTER theſe extraordinary Inſtances of Sagacity and Merit, it may be thought too ludicrous, perhaps, to mention the Capacity they have often diſcovered, for playing at Cards, Fiddling, Dancing, and other polite Accompliſhments; yet I cannot help relating a little Story, which formerly happened at the Play-houſe in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*.

THERE was, at that Time, the ſame Emulation between the two Houſes, as there is at preſent between the great Common-wealths of *Drury-Lane* and *Covent-Garden*; each of them ſtriving to amuſe the Town with various Feats of Activity, when they began to grow tired of Senſe, Wit, and

Action.

Action. At length, the Managers of the Houſe at *Lincolns-Inn-Fields*, poſſeſſed with a happy Turn of Thought, introduced a Dance of Dogs; who were dreſſed in *French* Characters, to make the Repreſentation more ridiculous, and acquitted themſelves for ſeveral Evenings to the univerſal Delight and Improvement of the Town. But one unfortunate Night, a malicious Wag behind the Scenes, threw down among them the Leg of a Fowl, which he had brought thither in his Pocket for that Purpoſe. Inſtantly all was in Confuſion; the Marquis ſhook off his Peruke, Mademoiſelle dropp'd her Hoop-petticoat, the Fidler threw away his Violin, and all fell to ſcrambling for the Prize that was thrown among them.—But let us return to graver Matters.

If we look back into ancient Hiſtory, we ſhall find the wiſeſt and moſt celebrated Nations of Antiquity, as it were, contending with one another, which ſhould pay the greateſt Honour to Dogs. The old Aſtronomers denominated Stars after their Name; and the *Egyptians* in particular, a ſapient and venerable People, worſhipped a Dog among the principal of their Divinities. The Poets repreſent *Diana*, as ſpending great Part of her Life among a Pack of Hounds, which I mention for the Honour of the Country Gentlemen of *Great-Britain*; and we know that the illuſtrious *Theſeus* dedicated much of his Time to the ſame Companions.

Julius Pollux informs us, that the Art of dying purple and ſcarlet Cloth was firſt found out by *Hercules*'s Dog, who roving along the Sea-coaſt, and accidentally eating of the Fiſh *Murex*, or *Purpura*, his lips became tinged with that Colour; from whence the *Tyrians* firſt took the Hint of the purple Manufacture, and to this lucky Event our fine Gentlemen of the Army are indebted for the

ſcarlet, with which they ſubdue the Hearts of ſo many fair Ladies.

BUT nothing can give us a more exalted Idea of theſe illuſtrious Animals, than to conſider, that formerly, in old Greece, they founded a Sect of Philoſophy; the Members whereof took the Name of *Cynics*, and were glorioufly ambitious of aſſimilating themſelves to the Manners and Behaviour of that Animal, from whom they derived their Title.

AND that the Ladies of *Greece* had as great a Fondneſs for them as the Men, may be collected from the Story which *Lucian* relates of a certain Philoſopher; who in the Exceſs of his Complaiſance to a Woman of Faſhion, on whom he depended for Support, took up her *favourite Lap Dog* one Day, and attempted to careſs and kiſs it; but the little Creature, not being uſed to the rude Gripe of philoſophic Hands, found his Loins affected in ſuch a manner, that he was obliged to water the Sage's Beard, as he held him to his Mouth; which ſo diſcompoſed that principal, if not only Seat of his Wiſdom, as excited Laughter in all the Beholders.

SUCH was the Reverence paid to them among the Nations of Antiquity; and if we deſcend to later Times, we ſhall not want Examples in our own Days and Nation, of great Men's devoting themſelves to Dogs. King *Charles* the Second, of pious and immortal Memory, came always to the Council-board accompanied with a favourite Spaniel; who propagated his Breed, and *ſcattered his Image through the Land*, almoſt as extenſively as his Royal Maſter. His Succeſſor, King *James*, of pious and immortal Memory likewiſe, was diſtinguiſhed for the ſame Attachment to theſe four-footed Worthies; and 'tis reported of him, that being once in a dangerous Storm at Sea, and obliged

obliged to quit the Ship for his Life, he roar'd aloud with a moſt vehement Voice as his principal Concern, *to ſave the Dogs and the Duke of* M——. But why need we multiply Examples? The greateſt Heroes and Beauties have not been aſhamed to erect Monuments to them in their Gardens, nor the greateſt Wits and Poets to write their Epitaphs. Biſhops have intruſted them with their Secrets, and Prime-Miniſters deigned to receive Information from them, when Treaſon and Conſpiracies were hatching againſt the Government. Iſlands likewiſe, as well as Stars, have been called after their Names; ſo that I hope no one will dare to think me idly employed in compoſing the following Work: or if any ſhould, let him own himſelf ignorant of ancient and modern Hiſtory, let him confeſs himſelf an Enemy to his Country, and ungrateful to the Benefactors of *Great-Britain*.

And as no Exception can reaſonably be taken againſt the Dignity of my Hero, much leſs can I expect any will ariſe againſt the Nature of this Work, which one of my Cotemporaries declares to be an *Epic Poem in Proſe*; and I cannot help promiſing myſelf ſome Encouragement, in this *Life-writing Age* eſpecially, where no Character is thought too inconſiderable to engage the public Notice, or too abandoned to be ſet up as a Pattern of Imitation. The loweſt and moſt contemptible Vagrants, Pariſh-Girls, Chamber-Maids, Pick-Pockets, and Highwaymen, find Hiſtorians to record their Praiſes, and Readers to wonder at their Exploits: Star-Gazers, ſuperannuated Strumpets, quarrelling Lovers, all think themſelves authorized to appeal to the Publick, and to *write Apologies* for their Lives. Even the Priſons and Stews are ranſacked to find Materials for Novels and Romances. Thus, I am told, that illuſtrious *Mimic* Mr. *F——t*, when all other Expedients fail

him, and he ſhall be no longer able to raiſe a Kind of Tax, if I may ſo call it, from Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, and Marriages, deſigns, as the laſt Effort of his Wit, to oblige the World with an accurate Hiſtory of his own Life; with which View one may ſuppoſe he takes care to chequer it with ſo many extraordinary Occurrences, and ſelects ſuch Adventures as will beſt ſerve hereafter to amaze and aſtoniſh his Readers.

THIS then being the Caſe, I hope the very Superiority of the Character here treated of, above the Heroes of common Romances, will procure it a favourable Reception, altho' perhaps I may fall ſhort of my great Cotemporaries in the Elegance of Style, and Graces of Language. For when ſuch Multitudes of Lives are daily offered to the Publick, written *by the ſaddeſt Dogs*, or *of the ſaddeſt Dogs* of the Times, it may be conſidered as ſome little Merit to have choſen a Subject worthy the Dignity of Hiſtory; and in this ſingle View I may be allowed to paragon myſelf with the incomparable Writer of the Life of *Cicero*, in that I have deſerted the beaten Track of Biographers, and choſen a Subject worthy the Attention of polite and claſſical Readers.

HAVING detained the Reader with this little neceſſary Introduction, I now proceed to open the Birth and Parentage of my Hero.

CHAP. II.

The Birth, Parentage, Education, and Travels of a Lap-Dog.

POMPEY, the Son of *Julio* and *Phyllis*, was born A. D. 1735 at *Bologna* in *Italy*, a Place famous for Lap-Dogs and Sauſages. Both his Parents were of the moſt illuſtrious Families, deſcended from a long Train of Anceſtors, who had figured

figured in many Parts of Europe, and lived in intimacy with the greateſt Men of the Times. They had frequented the Chambers of the proudeſt Beauties, and had Acceſs to the Cloſets of the greateſt Princes; Cardinals, Kings, Popes, and Emperors were all happy in their Acquaintance; and I am told the elder Branch of the Family now lives with his preſent Holineſs in the papal Palace at *Rome*.

But *Julio*, the Father of my Hero, being a younger Brother of a numerous Family, fell to the Share of an *Italian* Nobleman at *Bologna*; from whom I heard a Story of him, redounding ſo much to his Credit, that it would be an Injury to his Memory not to relate it; eſpccially as it is the Duty of an Hiſtorian to derive his Hero from honourable Anceſtors, and to introduce him into the Word with all the Eclat and Renown he can.

It ſeems the City of *Bologna* being greatly overſtocked with Dogs, the Inhabitants of the Place are obliged at certain Seaſons of the Year to ſcatter poiſoned Sauſages up and down the Streets for their Deſtruction; by which Means the Multitude of them is reduced to a more tolerable Number. Now *Julio* having got abroad one Morning by the Careleſſneſs of Servants into the Streets, was unwiſely tempted to eat of theſe pernicious Cates; which immediately threw him into a violent Fit of Illneſs: But being ſeaſonably relieved with Emetics, and having a good Conſtitution, he ſtruggled thro' the Diſtemper; and ever afterwards remembering what himſelf had eſcaped, out of Pity to his Brethren, who might poſſibly undergo the ſame Fate, he was obſerved to employ himſelf during the whole Sauſage-Seaſon, in carrying theſe poiſonous Baits away one by one in his Mouth, and throw-

ing them into the River that runs by the City. But to return,

THE *Italian* Nobleman above-mentioned had an Intrigue with a celebrated Courtesan of *Bologna*, and little *Julio* often attending him when he made his Visits to her (as it is the Nature of all Servants to imitate the Vices of their Masters,) he also commenced an Affair of Gallantry with a Favourite little Bitch named *Phyllis*, at that Time the Darling of this *Fille de Joye*. For a long while she rejected his Courtship with Disdain, and received him with that Coyness, which Beauties of her Sex know very well how to counterfeit; but a length, in a little Closet devoted to *Venus*, the happy Lover accomplished his Desires, and *Phyllis* soon gave Signs of Pregnancy.

I HAVE not been able to learn whether my Hero was introduced into the World with any Prodigies preceding his Birth; and tho' the Practice of most Historians might authorize me to invent them, I think it most ingenuous to confess, as well as most probable to conclude, that Nature did not put herself to any miraculous Expence on this Occasion. Miracles are unquestionably ceased in this Century, whatever they might be in former ones: there needs no Dr. *Middleton* to convince us of this; and I scarce think Dr. *Ch*——*n* himself would have the Hardiness to support me, if I should venture to relate one in the present Age.

BE it sufficient then to say, that on the 25th of *May*, N. S. 1735, *Pompey* made his first Appearance in the World at *Bologna*; on which Day, as far as I can learn the Sun shone just as usual, and Nature wore exactly the same Aspect as upon any other Day in the Year.

ABOUT this Time an *Engliſh* Gentleman, who was making the Tour of *Europe*, to enrich himſelf in foreign Manners and foreign Cloaths, happened to be reſiding at *Bologna*. And as one great End of modern Travelling is the Pleaſure of intriguing with Women of all Nations and Languages, he was introduced to viſit the Lady above-mentioned, who was at that Time the faſhionable and foremoſt Courteſan of the Place. Little *Pompey* having now opened his Eyes and learnt the Uſe of his Legs, was admitted to frolick about the Room, as his Miſtreſs ſat at her Toilet or preſided at her Tea-Table. On theſe Occaſions her Gallants never failed to play with him, and many pretty Dialogues often aroſe concerning him, which perhaps might make a Figure in a modern Comedy. Every one had ſomething to ſay to the little Favourite, who ſeemed proud to be taken notice of, and by many ſignificant Geſtures would often make believe he underſtood the Compliments that were paid him.

BUT nobody diſtinguiſhed himſelf more on this Subject than our *Engliſh Hillario*; who had now made a conſiderable Progreſs in the Affections of his Miſtreſs: For partly the Recommendation of his Perſon, but chiefly the Profuſion of his Expences made her think him a very deſirable Lover; and as ſhe ſaw that his ruling Paſſion was Vanity, ſhe was too good a Diſſembler, and too much a Miſtreſs of her Trade not to flatter this Weakneſs for her own Ends. This ſo elated the Spirits of *Hillario*, that he ſurveyed himſelf every Day with Increaſe of Pleaſure at his Glaſs, and took a Pride on all Occaſions to ſhew how much he was diſtinguiſhed, as he thought, above any of her antient Admirers. Reſolving

therefore to out-do them all as much in Magnificence, as he imagined he did in the Succeſs of his Love, he was continually making her the moſt coſtly Preſents, and among other Things, preſented Maſter *Pompey* with a Collar ſtudded with Diamonds. This ſo tickled the little Animal's Vanity, being the firſt Ornament he had ever worn, that he would eat Biſcuit from *Hillario*'s Hands with twice the Pleaſure, with which he received it from any other Perſon's; and *Hillario* made him the Occaſion of conveying indirect Compliments to his Miſtreſs. Sometimes he would ſwear, *he believed it was in her Power to impart Beauty to her very Dogs*, and when ſhe ſmiled at the Staleneſs of the Conceit, he, imagining her charmed with his Wit, would grow tranſported with Gaiety, and practiſe all the faſhionable Airs that Cuſtom preſcribes to an Intrigue.

BUT the Time came at length that this gay Gentleman was to quit this Scene of his Pleaſures, and go in queſt of Adventures in ſome other Part of *Italy*. Nothing delayed him but the Fear of breaking his Miſtreſs's Heart, which his own great Love of himſelf, joined with the ſeeming Love ſhe expreſſed for him, made him think a very likely Conſequence. The Point therefore was to reveal his Intentions to her in the moſt tender Manner, and to reconcile her to this terrible Event as well as he could. They had been dining together one Day in her Apartments, and *Hillario* after Dinner, firſt inſpiring himſelf with a Glaſs of Tokay, began to curſe his Stars for obliging him to leave *Bologna*, where he had been ſo divinely happy; but he ſaid, he had received News of his Father's Death, and was obliged to go and ſettle *curſed Accounts* with his Mother and Siſters, who were in a Hurry for

their

their *confounded Fortunes*; and after many other Flouriſhes, concluded his Rhapſody with requeſting to take little *Pompey* with him as a Memorial of their Love. The Lady received this News with all the artificial Aſtoniſhment and counterfeited Sorrow that Ladies of her Profeſſion can aſſume whenever they pleaſe; in ſhort ſhe played the Farce of Paſſions ſo well, that *Hillario* thought her Life depended on his Preſence: She wept, intreated, threatened, ſwore, but all to no Purpoſe; at length ſhe was obliged to ſubmit on Condition that *Hillario* ſhould give her a Gold-watch in Exchange for her Favourite Dog, which he conſented to without any Heſitation.

THE Day was now fixed for his Departure, and having ordered his Poſt-Chaiſe to wait at her Door, he went in the Morning to take his laſt Farewell. He found her at her Tea-Table ready to receive him, and little *Pompey* ſitting innocently on the Settee by his Miſtreſs's Side not once ſuſpecting what was about to happen to him, and far from thinking himſelf on the Point of ſo long a Journey. For neither Dogs nor Men can look into Futurity, or penetrate the Deſigns of Fate. Nay, I have been told that he eat his Breakfaſt that Morning with more than uſual Tranquillity; and tho' his Miſtreſs continued to careſs him, and lament his Departure, he neither underſtood the Meaning of her kiſſes, nor greatly returned her Affection. At length the accompliſhed *Hillario* taking out his Watch, and curſing Time for intruding on his Pleaſures, ſignified he muſt be gone that Moment. Raviſhing therefore an hundred Kiſſes from his Miſtreſs, and taking up little *Pompey* in his Arms, he went off humming an *Italian* Tune, and with an Air of affected Concern threw himſelf careleſsly

leſsly into his Chaiſe. From whence, looking up with a melancholy Shrug to her Window, and ſhewing the little Favourite to his forſaken Miſtreſs, he was interrupted by the Voice of the Poſtilion, deſiring to be informed of the Rout he was to take; which little Particular this well-bred Gentleman had in his Hurry forgot, as thinking it perhaps of no great Conſequence. But now curſing the Fellow for not knowing his Mind without putting him to the Trouble of explaining it, *Damn you*, cries he, *drive to the Devil, if you will, for I ſhall never be happy again as long as I breathe.* Recollecting himſelf however upon ſecond Thoughts, and thinking it as well to defer that Journey to ſome future Opportunity, he gave his Orders for ——; and then looking up again at the Window, and bowing, the Poſt-Chaiſe hurried away, while his Charmer ſtood laughing and mimicking his Geſtures.

As her Affection for him was wholly built on Intereſt, of courſe it ended the very Moment ſhe loſt ſight of his Chaiſe; and we may conclude his for her had not a much longer Continuance; for notwithſtanding the Proteſtations he made of keeping her Dog for ever in Remembrance of her, little *Pompey* had like to have been left behind in the very firſt Day's Stage. *Hillario*, after Dinner had repoſed himſelf to ſleep on a Couch in the Inn; from whence being awaked with Information that his Chaiſe was ready and waited his Pleaſure at the Door, he ſtarted up, diſcharged his Bill, and was proceeding on his Journey without once beſtowing a Thought on the neglected Favourite. His Servant however, being more conſiderate, brought and delivered him at the Chaiſe-Door to his Maſter; who cried indolently, *Begad that's well thought on*, call'd him *a little Devil for giving him ſo much*

Trouble,

Trouble, and then drove away with the utmoſt Unconcernedneſs. This I mention to ſhew how very ſhort-lived are the Affections of proteſting Lovers.

CHAP. III.

Our Hero arrives in England. *A Converſation between two Ladies concerning his Maſter.*

BUT as it is not my Deſign to follow this Gentleman through his Tour, we muſt be contented to paſs over great Part of the Puppy-hood of little *Pompey*, till the Time of his Arrival at *London*: only it may be of Importance to remember, that in his Paſſage from *Calais* to *Dover* he was extremely Sea-ſick, and twice given over by a Phyſician on board; but ſome medicinal Applications, together with a Week's Confinement in his Chamber, after he came to Town, reſtored him to his perfect Health.

HILLARIO was no ſooner landed, than he diſpatched his *French* Valet to *London*, with Orders to provide him handſome Lodgings in *Pall-Mall*, or ſome other great Street near the Court; and himſelf ſet forwards the next Day with his whole Retinue. Let us therefore imagine him arrived and ſettled in his new Apartments; let us ſuppoſe the News-writers to have performed their Duty, and all the important World of Dreſs buſy, as uſual, in reporting from one to anoher, *that* Hillario *was returned from his Travels.*

As ſoon as his Cheſts and Baggage were arrived in Town, his Servants were all employed in ſetting forth to View in his Anti-chamber, the ſeveral valuable Curioſities he had collected; that his Viſiters might be detained as they paſſed through it, in making Obſervations on the Elegance of his Taſte. For tho' Dreſs and Gallantry were his

principal Ambition, he had condeſcended, in Compliance with the Humour of the Times, to conſult the *Ciceroni* at *Rome*, and other places, as to what was proper to be purchaſed, in order to eſtabliſh a Reputation for *Vertù*: and they had furniſhed him accordingly, at a proportionable Expence, with all the neceſſary Ingredients of modern Taſte; that is to ſay, with Fingers and Toes of ancient Statues, Medals bearing the Name of *Roman* Emperors on their Inſcriptions, and *copied-original* Pictures of all the great Maſters and Schools of *Italy*. They had likewiſe taught him a Set of Phraſes and Obſervations proper to be made, whenever the Converſation ſhould turn upon ſuch Subjects; which, by the Help of a good Memory, he uſed with tolerable Propriety: he could deſcant in Terms of Art, on Ruſts and Varniſhes; and deſcribe the Air, the Manner, the Characteriſtic of different Painters, in Language almoſt as learned as the ingenious Writer of a late Eſſay. 'Here, he would obſerve, the 'Drawing is incorrect; there the Attitude un-'graceful—the *Coſtume* ill-preſerved; the Con-'tours harſh, the Ordonnance irregular——the 'Light too ſtrong——the Shade too deep,'—— with many other affected Remarks, which may be found in a very grave ſententious Book of Morality.

BUT Dreſs, as we before obſerved, was his darling Vanity, and conſequently, his Rooms were more plentifully ſcattered with Cloaths than any other Curioſity. There all the Pride of *Paris* was exhibited to View; Suits of Velvet and Embroidery, Sword-hilts, red-heel'd Shoes, and Snuff-boxes, lay about in negligent Confuſion, yet all artfully diſpoſed to catch the Eyes of his Female Viſiters. Nor did he appear with leſs Eclat without Doors; for he had now ſhewn his gilt Chariot and bay Horſes in all the Streets of gay Reſort,

and

and was allowed to have the moſt ſplendid brilliant Equipage in *London*. The Club at *White*'s ſoon voted him a Member of their Fraternity, and there began a kind of Rivalry among the Ladies of Faſhion, who ſhould firſt engage him to their Aſſemblies. At all Toiletts and Parties in the Morning, who but *Hillario?* At all Drums and Diverſions in the Evening, who but *Hillario?* Nobody came into the Side-box at a Play-houſe with ſo graceful a Negligence; and it was on all Hands confeſſed that he had the moſt accompliſhed Way of talking Nonſenſe of any Man of Quality in *London*.

As the faſhionable Part of the World are glad of any freſh Topic of Converſation, that will not much fatigue their Underſtandings; and the Arrival of a new Fop, the Sight of a new Chariot, or the Appearance of a new Faſhion, are all Articles of the higheſt Importance to them; it could not be otherwiſe, but that the Shew and Figure, which *Hillario* made, muſt ſupply all the polite Circles with Matter for Commendation or Cenſure. As a little Specimen of this kind of Converſations may, perhaps, not be diſagreeable, I will beg the Reader's Patience a Moment, to relate what paſſed on this Subject between *Cleanthe* and *Cleora*, two Ladies of Eminence and Diſtinction in the Commonwealth of Vanity. The former was a young Lady of about Fifty, who had out-lived many Generations of Beauties, yet ſtill preſerved the Airs and Behaviour of Fifteen; the latter a celebrated Toaſt now in the Meridian of her Charms, and giddy with the Admiration ſhe excited. Theſe two Ladies had been for ſome Time paſt engaged in a ſtrict *Female Friendſhip*, and were now ſitting down to Supper at Twelve o'Clock at Night, to talk over the important Follies of the Day. They had play'd at Cards that Evening at four different Aſſemblies, left their Names each of them at near

Twenty

Twenty Doors, and taken half a Turn round *Ranelagh*, where the youngeſt had been engaged in a very ſmart Exchange of Bows, Smiles, and Compliments with *Hillario*. This had been obſerved by *Cleanthe*, who was at the ſame Place, and envied her the many Civilities ſhe received from a Gentleman ſo ſplendidly dreſs'd, whoſe Embroidery gave a peculiar Poignancy to his Wit. Wherefore at Supper ſhe began to vent her Spite againſt him, telling *Cleora*, ſhe wondered how ſhe could liſten to the Impertinence of ſuch a Coxcomb. 'Surely, ſaid ſhe, you cannot admire him; for my 'Part, I am amazed at People for calling him hand-'ſome——do you really think him, my Dear, ſo 'agreeable as the town generally makes him?' *Cleora* heſitating a Moment, replied, 'She did not 'well know what Beauty was in a Man: To be 'ſure, added ſhe, if one examines his Features one 'by one, one ſees nothing very extraordinary in 'him; but altogether he has an Air, and a Man-'ner, and a Notion of Things, my Dear—he is 'lively, and airy, and engaging, and all that—'and then his Dreſſes are quite charming.' 'Yes, 'ſaid *Cleanthe*, that may be a very good Recom-'mendation of his Taylor, and if one deſigns to 'marry a Suit of Velvet, why No-body better 'than *Hillario*—How ſhould you like him for a 'Huſband, *Cleora*?' 'Faith, ſaid *Cleora* ſmiling, 'I never once thought ſeriouſly upon the Subject 'in my Life; but ſurely, my Dear, there is ſuch 'a thing as Fancy and Taſte in Dreſs; in my 'Opinion, a Man ſhews his Parts in nothing more 'than in the Choice of his Cloaths and Equipage.' 'Why to be ſure, ſaid *Cleanthe*, the Man has 'ſomething of a Notion at Dreſs, I confeſs it—'yet methinks I could make an Alteration for the 'better in his Liveries.' Then began a very curious Converſation on Shoulder-knots, and they

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ran over all the Liveries in Town, commending one, and disliking another, with great Nicety of Judgment. From Shoulder-knots they proceeded to the Colour of Coach-horses, and *Cleanthe*, resolving to dislike *Hillario*'s Equipage, asked her if she did not prefer Greys to Bays? *Cleora* answer'd in the Negative, and the Clock struck one before they had decided this momentous Question; which was contested with so much Earnestness, that both of them were beginning to grow angry, and to say ill-natured Things, had not a new Topic arisen to divert the Discourse. His Chariot came next under Consideration, and then they returned to speculate his Dress; and when they had fully exhausted all the external Accomplishments of a Husband, they vouchsafed, at last, to come to the Qualities of the Mind. *Cleora* preferred a Man who had travelled; 'Because, said she, he has seen the 'World, and must be ten thousand times more 'agreeable and entertaining than a dull home-bred 'Fellow, who has never improved himself by *see-* 'ing Things:' But *Cleanthe* was of a different Opinion, alledging that this would only give him a greater Conceit of himself, and make him less manageable by a Wife. Then they fell to abusing Matrimony, numbered over the many unhappy Couples of their Acquaintance, and both of them for a Moment resolved to live single: But those Resolutions were soon exploded; 'For though, 'said *Cleanthe*, I should prefer a Friendship with 'an agreeable Man far beyond marrying him, yet 'you know, my Dear, *we Girls* are under so 'many Restraints, that one must wish for a Hus- 'band, if it be only for the Privilege of going 'into public Places, without the Protection of a 'married Woman along with one, to give one 'Countenance.' *Cleora* rallied the Expression of *we Girls*, which again had like to have bred a

Quarrel

Quarrel between them; and ſoon afterwards happening to ſay, ſhe ſhould like to dance with *Hillario* at the next Ridotto, *Cleanthe* could not help declaring, that ſhe ſhould be pleaſed alſo to have him for a Partner. This ſtirred up a warmer Altercation than any that had yet ariſen, and they contended with ſuch Vehemence for this diſtant imaginary Happineſs, which perhaps might happen to neither of them, that they grew quite unappeaſeable, and in the End, departed to Bed with as much Malice and Enmity, as if the one had made an Attempt on the other's Life.

CHAP. IV.

Another Converſation between Hillario *and a celebrated Lady of Quality.*

IF the foregoing Dialogue appears impertinent and foreign to this Hiſtory, the enſuing one immediately concerns the Hero of it; whoſe Pardon I beg for having ſo long neglected to mention his Name. He was now perfectly recovered from the Indiſpoſition hinted at in the Beginning of the preceding Chapter, and pretty well reconciled to the Air of *England*; but as yet he had made few Acquaintances either with Gentlemen of his own or a different Species; being ſeldom permitted to expatiate beyond the Anti-chamber of *Hillario*'s Lodgings; where his chief Amuſement was to ſtand with his Fore-paws up in the Window, and contemplate the Coaches that paſſed through the Street.

BUT Fortune, who had deſtined him to a great Variety of Adventures, no ſooner obſerved that he was ſettled and began to grow eſtabliſhed in his new Apartments, than ſhe determined, according

to

to her uſual Inconſtancy, or beat up his Quarters, and provide him a new Habitation.

AMONG the many Viſiters that favour'd *Hillario* with their Company in the Morning, a Lady of Quality, who had buried her Huſband, and was thereby at liberty to purſue her own Inclinations, was one Day drinking Chocolate with him. They were engaged in a very intereſting Converſation on the *Italian* Opera, which they declared to be the moſt ſublime Entertainment in Life; when on a ſudden little *Pompey* came running into the Room, and leapt up into his Maſter's Lap. Lady *Tempeſt* (for that was her Name) no ſooner ſaw him, than addreſſing herſelf to *Hillario* with the Eaſe and Familiarity of modern Breeding; 'Hillario, ſaid ſhe, 'where the devil did you get that pretty Dog? 'That Dog, Madam! cries *Hillario*, Oh *l'Amour!* 'thereby hangs a Tale—That Dog, Madam, once 'belonged to a Nobleman's Wife in *Italy*, the fin-'eſt Creature that ever my Eyes beheld—ſuch 'a Shape and ſuch an Air—*O quelle mine! quelle 'delicateſſe!*' Then ran he into the muſt extravagant Encomiums of her Beauty, and after dropping many Hints of an Intrigue, to awaken Lady *Tempeſt*'s Curioſity, and make her enquire into the Particulars of the Story, concluded with deſiring her Ladyſhip to excuſe him from proceeding any farther, for he thought it the higheſt Injury to betray a Lady's Secrets. 'Nay, ſaid Lady *Tempeſt*, it 'can do her Reputation no hurt to tell Tales of 'her in *England*; and beſides, *Hillario*, if you ac-'quitted yourſelf with Spirit and Gallantry in the 'Affair, who knows but I ſhall like you the better 'after I have heard your Story?' 'Well, ſaid he, 'on that Condition, my dear Counteſs! I will 'confeſs the Truth——I had an Affair with this 'Lady, and, I think, none of my Amours ever 'afforded me greater Tranſport: But the Eyes of

a Huſ-

'a Husband will officiously be prying into things 'that do not concern them; her jealous-pated 'Booby surprized me one Evening in a little fami- 'liar Dalliance, and sent me a Challenge the next 'Morning.' 'Bless us! said Lady *Tempest*, and 'what became of it?" 'Why, cries *Hillario*, I 'wou'd willingly have washed my Hands of the 'Fellow if I could, for I thought it but a silly 'Business to hazard one's Life with so ridiculous 'an Animal; but, curse the Blockhead, he could 'not understand Ridicule—You must know, Ma- 'dam, I sent him for Answer, with the greatest 'Ease imaginable—quite composed as I am at this 'Moment—that I had so prodigious a Cold, it 'wou'd be imprudent to fight abroad in the open 'Air; but if he wou'd have a Fire in his best Apart- 'ment, and a Bottle of *Burgundy* ready for me on 'the Table, after I had gone thro' the Fatigue of kill- 'ing him, I was at his Service as soon as he pleased '—meaning, you see, to have turned the Affair off 'with a Joke, if the fellow had been capable of 'tasting Ridicule.' 'But that Stratagem, replied Lady '*Tempest*, I am afraid did not succeed—the Man 'I doubt was too dull to apprehend your Raillery.' 'Dull as a Beetle, Madam, said *Hillario*; the 'Monster continued obstinate, and repeated his 'Challenge.—When therefore I found nothing 'else wou'd do, I resolved to meet him according 'to his Appointment; and there—in short, not 'to trouble your Ladyship with a long, tedious 'Description—I ran him through the Body.' Lady *Tempest* burst out a laughing at this Story, which she most justly concluded to be a Lie; and after entertaining herself with many pleasant Remarks upon it, said with a Smile, 'But what is this to 'the Dog, *Hillario*?' 'The Dog, Madam! an- 'swered he, O pardon me, I am coming to the Dog 'immediately.—Come hither *Pompey*, and listen

'to

'to your own Story.—This Dog, Madam, this very
'little Dog, had at that time the Honour of wait-
'ing on the dear Woman I have been deſcribing,
'and as the Noiſe of my Duel obliged me to quit
'*Bologna*, I ſent her private Notice of my Inten-
'tions, and begged her by any means to favour me
'with an Interview before my Departure. The
'Monſter her Huſband, who then lay on his Death-
'bed, immured her ſo cloſely, that you may ima-
'gine it was very difficult to gratify my Deſires;
'but Love, immortal Love, gave her Courage;
'ſhe ſent me a private Key to get Admiſſion into
'her Garden, and appointed me an Aſſignation in
'an Orange-Grove at Nine in the Evening. I
'flew to the dear Creature's Arms, and after
'ſpending an Hour with her in the bittereſt La-
'mentations, when it grew dangerous and im-
'poſſible for me to ſtay any longer, we knelt
'down both of us on the cold Ground, and ſa-
'luted each other for the laſt time on our Knees.
'——Oh how I curſed Fortune for ſeparating us!
'but at length I was obliged to decamp, and ſhe
'gave me this Dog, this individual little Dog, to
'cárry with me as a Memorial of her Love. The
'poor, dear, tender Woman died, I hear, within
'three Weeks after my Departure; but this Dog,
'this divine little Dog, will I keep everlaſtingly
'for her Sake.'

WHEN the Lady had heard him to an End,
'Well, ſaid ſhe, you have really told a very pret-
'ty Story, *Hillario*; but as to your Reſolutions of
'keeping the Dog, I ſwear you ſhall break them;
'for I had the Misfortune t'other Day to loſe my
'favourite black Spaniel of the Mange, and I in-
'tend you ſhall give me this little Dog to ſupply
'his Place.' 'Not for the Univerſe, Madam, re-
'plied *Hillario*; I ſhould expect to ſee his dear
'injured Miſtreſs's Ghoſt haunting me in my Sleep

'to

'to Night, if I could be guilty of ſuch an Act of 'Infidelity to her.' Pugh! ſaid the Lady, don't 'tell me of ſuch ridiculous ſuperſtitious Trumpe-'ry.—You no more came by the Dog in this man-'ner, *Hillario*, than you will fly to the Moon to 'Night—but if you did, it does not ſignify; for 'I poſitively muſt and will take him home with 'me.' 'Madam, ſaid *Hillario*, this little Dog 'is ſacred to Love! he was born to be the Herald 'of Love, and there is but one Conſideration in 'Nature that can poſſibly induce me to part with 'him.' 'And what is that, ſaid the Lady? That, 'Madam, cries *Hillario*, bowing, is the Honour 'of viſiting him at all Hours in his new Apart-'ments—he muſt be the Herald of Love wherever 'he goes, and on theſe Conditions—if you will 'now and then admit me of your Retirements, 'little *Pompey* waits your Acceptance as ſoon as 'you pleaſe.' 'Well, ſaid the Lady, ſmiling, you 'know I am not inexorable, *Hillario*, and if you 'have a mind to viſit your little Friend at my Ru-'elle, you'll find him ready to receive you—'though, faith, upon ſecond Thoughts, I know 'not whether I dare admit you or not. You are 'ſuch a Killer of Huſbands, *Hillario*, that 'tis 'quite terrible to think on; and if mine was not 'conveniently removed out of the Way, I ſhould 'have the poor Man ſacrificed for his Jealouſy.' 'Raillery! Raillery! returned *Hillario*; but as 'you ſay, my dear Counteſs, your Monſter is 'commodiouſly out of the way, and therefore we 'need be under no Apprehenſions from that Quar-'ter, for I hardly believe he will riſe out of his 'Grave to interrupt our Amours.'—'Amours! 'cried the Lady, lifting her Voice, pray what 'have I ſaid that encourages you to talk of A-'mours?'—

FROM

FROM this time the Converſation began to grow much too looſe to be reported in this Work: They congratulated each other on the Felicity of living in an Age, that allows ſuch Indulgence to Women, and gives them leave to break looſe from their Huſbands, whenever they grow moroſe and diſagreeable, or attempt to interrupt their Pleaſures. They laughed at Conſtancy in Marriage as the moſt ridiculous thing in Nature, exploded the very Notion of matrimonial Happineſs, and were moſt faſhionably pleaſant in decrying every thing that is ſerious, virtuous and religious. From hence they relapſed again into a Diſcourſe on the *Italian* Opera, and thence made a quick Tranſition to Ladies Painting. This was no ſooner ſtarted than *Hillario* begged leave to preſent her with a Box of *Rouge*, which he had brought with him from *France*, aſſuring her that the Ladies were arrived at ſuch an Excellency of uſing it at *Paris*, as to confound all Diſtinction of Age and Beauty. 'I proteſt to 'your Ladyſhip, continued he, it is impoſſible at 'any Diſtance to diſtinguiſh a Woman of Sixty 'from a Girl of Sixteen; and I have ſeen an old 'Dowager in the oppoſite Box at their Playhouſe, 'make as good a Figure, and look as blooming 'as the youngeſt Beauty in the Place. Nothing 'in Nature is there required to make a Woman 'handſome but Eyes.——If a Woman has but 'Eyes, ſhe may be a Beauty whenever ſhe pleaſes, 'at the Expence of a Couple of Guineas.—— 'Teeth and Hair and Eye-brows and Complexi-'ons are all as cheap as Fans and Gloves and Rib-'bons.'

WHILE this ingenious Orator was purſuing his eloquent Harangue on Beauty, Lady *Tempeſt*, looking at her Watch, declared it was time to be going; for ſhe had ſeven or eight Viſits more to make that Morning, and it was then almoſt Three

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in the Afternoon. Little *Pompey* who had abſented himſelf during great part of the preceding Converſation, as thinking it perhaps above the Reach of his Underſtanding, was now ordered to be produced: and the Moment he made his Appearance, Lady *Tempeſt* catching him up in her Arms, was conducted by *Hillario* into her Chair, which ſtood at the Door waiting her Commands. Little *Pompey* caſt up a wiſhful Eye at the Window above; but the Chairmen were now in Motion, and with three Footmen fore-running his Equipage, he ſet out in Triumph to his new Apartments.

CHAP. V.

The Character of Lady Tempeſt, *with ſome Particulars of her Servants and Family.*

THE ſudden Appearance of this Lady, with whom our Hero is now about to take up his Reſidence, may perhaps excite the Reader's Curioſity to know who ſhe is; and therefore, before we proceed any farther in our Hiſtory, we ſhall ſpend a Page or two in bringing him acquainted with her Character. But let me admoniſh thee, my gentle Friend, whoſoever thou art, that ſhalt vouchſafe to peruſe this little Treatiſe, not to be too forward in making Applications, or to conſtrue Satire into Libel. For we declare here once for all, that no Character drawn in this Work is intended for any particular Perſon, but meant to comprehend a great Variety; and therefore, if thy Sagacity diſcovers Likeneſſes that were never intended, and Meanings that were never meant, be ſo good to impute it to thy own Ill-nature, and accuſe not the humble Author of theſe Sheets. Taking this Caution along with thee, candid Reader, we may venture to truſt thee with a Character, which otherwiſe we ſhould be afraid to draw.

LADY

LADY *Tempeſt* then was originally Daughter to a private Gentleman of a moderate Fortune, which ſhe was to ſhare in common with a Brother and two other Siſters: But her Wit and Beauty ſoon diſtinguiſhed her among her Acquaintance, and recompenſed the Deficiencies of Fortune. She was what the Men call *a ſprightly jolly Girl*, and the Women *a bold forward Creature*; very chearful in her Converſation, and open in her Behaviour; ready to promote any Party of Pleaſure, (for ſhe was a very Rake at Heart) and not diſpleaſed now and then to be aſſiſtant in a little Miſchief. This made her Company courted by Men of all Sorts; among whom her Affability and Spirit, as well as her Beauty, procured her many Admirers. At length ſhe was ſollicited in Marriage by a young Lord, famous for nothing but his great Eſtate, and far her Inferior in Underſtanding: But the Advantageouſneſs of the Match ſoon prevailed with her Parents to give their Conſent, and the Thoughts of a Title ſo dazzled her own Eyes, that ſhe had no Leiſure to aſk herſelf whether ſhe liked the Man or no that wore it. His Lordſhip married for the ſake of begetting an Heir to his Eſtate; and married her in particular, becauſe he had heard her toaſted as a Beauty by moſt of his Acquaintance. She, on the contrary, married, becauſe ſhe wanted a Huſband; and married him, becauſe he could give her a Title and a Coach and Six.

BUT, alas! there is this little Misfortune attending Matrimony, that People cannot live together any Time, without diſcovering each other's Tempers. Familiarity ſoon draws aſide the Maſque, and all that artificial Complaiſance and ſmiling Good humour, which make ſo agreeable a Part of

Courtſhip, go off like *April* Bloſſoms, upon a longer Acquaintance. The Year was ſcarce ended before her young Ladyſhip was ſurprized to find ſhe had married *a Fool*; which little Circumſtance her Vanity had concealed from her before Marriage, and the Hurry and Tranſport ſhe felt in a new Equipage, did not ſuffer her to attend to for the firſt Half-year afterwards. But now ſhe began to doubt whether ſhe had not made a fooliſh Bargain for Life, and conſulting with ſome of her Female Intimates about it (ſeveral of whom were married) ſhe received ſuch Documents from them, as, I am afraid, did not a little contribute to prepare her for the Steps ſhe afterwards took.

HER Huſband too, tho' not very quick of Diſcernment, had by this time found out, that his Wife's Spirit and romantick Diſpoſition were inconſiſtent with his own Gloom; which gave new Clouds to his Temper, and he often curſed himſelf in ſecret for marrying her.

THEY ſoon grew to reveal theſe Thoughts to one another, both in Words and Actions; they ſat down to Meals with Indifference; they went to Bed with Indifference; and the one was always ſure to diſlike what the other at any Time ſeemed to approve. Her Ladyſhip had Recourſe to the common Expedient in theſe Caſes, I mean the getting a Female Companion into the Houſe with her, as well to relieve her from the Tedioufneſs of ſitting down to Meals alone with her Huſband, as chiefly to hear her Complaints, and ſpirit her up againſt her Fool and Tyrant; the Names by which ſhe uſually ſpoke of her Lord and Maſter. When no ſuch Female Companions, or more properly *Toad-eaters*, happened to be preſent, ſhe choſe rather to divert herſelf with a little favourite Dog, than murther any of her precious Time in converſing

with

with her Husband. This his Lordship observed, and besides many severe Reflexions and cross Speeches, at length he wreak'd his Vengeance on the little Favourite, and in a Passion put him to Death. This was an Affair so heinous in the Lady's own Esteem, and pronounc'd to be *so barbarous, so shocking, so inhuman,* by all her Acquaintance, that she resolved no longer to keep any Terms with him, and from this Moment grew desperate in all her Actions.

First then, she resolved to supply the Place of one Favourite with a great Number, and immediately procured as many Dogs into the Family as it could well hold. His Lordship, in return, would order his Servant to hang two or three of them every Week, and never failed kicking them down Stairs by Dozens, whenever they came in his Way. When this and many other Stratagems had been tried, some with good, and some with bad Success, she came at last to play the great Game of Female Resentment, and by many Intimations gave him to mistrust, that a Stranger had invaded his Bed. Whether this was real, or only an Artifice of Spite, his Lordship could never discover, and therefore we shall not indulge the Reader's Curiosity, by letting him into the Secret; but the bare Apprehension of it so inflamed his Lordship's Choler, that her Company now became intolerable to him, and indeed their Meetings were dreadful to themselves, and terrible to all Beholders. Their Servants used to stand at the Door to listen to their Quarrels, and then charitably disperse the Subjects of them throughout the Town; so that all Companies now rang of Lord and Lady *Tempest*. But this could not continue long; for Indifference may sometimes be borne in a married State, but Indignation and Hatred I believe never can; and 'tis impossible

to ſay what their Quarrels might have produced, had not his Lordſhip very ſeaſonably died, and left his *diſconſolate Widow* to bear about the Mockery of Woe to all publick Places for a Year.

SHE now began the World anew on her own Foundation, and ſet ſail down the Stream of Pleaſure, without the Fears of Virginity to check her, or the Influence of a Huſband to controul her. Now ſhe recover'd that Sprightlineſs of Converſation and Gaiety of Behaviour, which had been clouded during the latter Part of her Cohabitation with her Huſband; and was ſoon cried up for the greateſt female Wit in *London*. Men of Gallantry, and all the World of Pleaſure, had eaſy Acceſs to her, and malicious Fame reports, that ſhe was not over-hard-hearted to the Sollicitations of Love; but far be it from us to report any ſuch improbable Scandal. What gives her a Place in this Hiſtory is her Fondneſs for Dogs, which from her Childhood ſhe loved exceedingly, and was ſeldom without a little Favourite to carry about in her Arms: But from the Moment that her angry Huſband ſacrificed one of them to his Reſentment, ſhe grew more paſſionately fond of them than ever, and now conſtantly kept ſix or eight of various Kinds in her Houſe. About this Time, one of her greateſt Favourites had the Misfortune to die of the Mange, as was above commemorated, and when ſhe ſaw little *Pompey* at *Hillario*'s Lodgings, ſhe reſolved immediately to beſtow the Vacancy upon him, which that well-bred Gentleman conſented to on certain Conditions, as the Reader has ſeen in the foregoing Chapter.

SHE returned Home from her Viſit juſt as the Clock was ſtriking Four, and after ſurvey-

ing herſelf a Moment in the Glaſs, and a little adjuſting her Hair, went directly to introduce Maſter *Pompey* to his Companions. Theſe were an *Italian* Grey-hound, a *Dutch* Pug, two black Spaniels of King *Charles*'s Breed, a Harlequin Grey-hound, a ſpotted *Dane*, and a mouſe-colour'd *Engliſh* Bull-dog. They heard their Miſtreſs's Rap at the Door, and were aſſembled in the Dining-room, ready to receive her: But on the Appearance of Maſter *Pompey*, they ſet up a general Bark, perhaps out of Envy; and ſome of them treated the little Stranger with rather more Rudeneſs than was conſiſtent with Dogs of their Education. However, the Lady ſoon interpoſed her Authority, and commanded Silence among them, by ringing a little Bell, which ſhe kept by her for that Purpoſe. They all obeyed the Signal inſtantly, and were ſtill in a Moment; upon which ſhe carried little *Pompey* round, and obliged them all to ſalute their new Acquaintance, at the ſame Time commanding ſome of them to aſk Pardon for their unpolite Behaviour; which whether they underſtood or not, muſt be left to the Reader's Determination. She then ſummoned a Servant, and ordered a Chicken to be roaſted for him; but hearing that Dinner was juſt read to be ſerved up, ſhe was pleaſed to ſay, he muſt be contented with what was provided for herſelf that Day, but gave Orders to the Cook to get ready a Chicken to his own Share againſt Night.

HER Ladyſhip now ſat down to Table, and *Pompey* was placed at her Elbow, where he received many dainty Bits from her fair Hands, and was careſſed by her all Dinner-time, with more than uſual Fondneſs. The Servants winked at one another, while they were waiting, conveyed many Sneers acroſs the Table with their Looks;

all which had the good Luck to escape her Ladyship's Observation. But the Moment they were retired from waiting, they gave Vent to their Thoughts with all the scurrilous Wit and ill-manner'd Raillery, which distinguishes the Conversation of those parti-coloured Gentlemen.

AND first, the Butler out of Livery served up his Remarks to the House-keeper's Table; which consisted of himself, an elderly fat Woman the House-keeper, and my Lady's Maid, a saucy, forward, affected Girl, of about Twenty. Addressing himself to these second-hand Gentlewomen, as soon as they were pleased to sit down to Dinner, he informed them, *that their Family was increased, and that his Lady had brought home a new Companion.* Their Curiosity soon led them to desire an Explanation, and then telling them that this new Companion was a new Dog, he related minutely and circumstantially all her Ladyship's Behaviour to him, during the Time of his Attendance at the Side-board, not forgetting to mention the Orders of a roasted Chicken for the Gentleman's Supper. The House-keeper launched out largely on the Sin and Wickedness of feeding *such Creatures with Christian Victuals*, declared it was flying in the Face of Heaven, and wondered how her Lady could admit them into her Apartment, for she said *they had already spoiled all the crimson Damask-chairs in the Dining-room.*

BUT my Lady's Maid had a great deal more to say on this Subject, and as it was her particular Office to wait on these four-footed Worthies, she complained of the Hardship done her, with great Volubility of Tongue. 'Then, says she, 'there's a new Plague come home, is there? he 'has got the Mange too, I suppose, and I shall have

'have him to wash and comb To-morrow Morn-
'ing. I am sure I am all over Fleas with 'tend-
'ing such nasty poisonous Vermin, and 'tis a
'Shame to put a Christian to such Offices.—I
'was in Hopes when that little mangy Devil
'died t'other Day, we should have no more of
'them; but there is to be no End of them I find,
'and for my Part, I wish with all my Heart
'some-body would poison 'em all—I can't en-
'dure to see my Lady let them kiss her, and
'lick her Face all over as she does. I am sure
'I'd see all the Dogs in *England* at *Jericho*, be-
'fore I'd suffer such Poulcat Vermin to lick my
'Face. Fogh! 'tis enough to make one sick to
'see it; and I am sure, if I was a Man, I'd scorn
'to kiss a Face that had been licked by a Dog.'

THIS was Part of a Speech made by this delicate, mincing Comb-brusher, and the rest we shall omit, to wait upon the inferior Servants, who were now assembled at Dinner in their common Hall of Gluttony, and exercising their Talents likewise on the same Subject. *John* the Footman here reported what Mr. *William* the Butler had done before in his Department, that their Lady had brought home a new Dog.
'Damn it, cries the Coachman with a surly
'brutal Voice, what signifies a new Dog? has
'she brought home ever a new Man?' which was seconded with a loud Laugh from all the Company. Another swore, that he never knew a Kennel of Dogs kept in a Bed-chamber before; which likewise was applauded with a loud and boisterous Laugh: but as such kind of Wit is too low for the Dignity of this History, tho' much affected by many of my Cotemporaries, I fancy I shall easily have the Reader's Excuse, if I forbear to relate any more of it.

My Design in giving this ſhort Sketch of Kitchen-Humour, is only to convey a Hint to all Maſters and Miſtreſſes, if they chuſe to receive it, not to be guilty of any Actions, that will expoſe them to the Ridicule and Contempt of their Servants. For theſe ungrateful Wretches, tho' receiving ever ſo many Favours from you, and treated by you in general with the greateſt Indulgence, will ſhew no Mercy to your ſligheſt Failings, but expoſe and ridicule your Weakneſs in Alehouſes, Nine-pin-alleys, Gin-ſhops, Cellars, and every other Place of dirty Rendezvous. The Truth is, the lower Sort of Menſervants are the moſt inſolent, brutal, ungenerous Raſcals on the Face of the Earth: they are bred up in Idleneſs, Drunkenneſs and Debauchery, and inſtead of concealing any Faults they obſerve at home, find a Pleaſure in vilifying and mangling the Reputations of their Maſters.

CHAP. VI.

Our Hero becomes a Dog of the Town, and ſhines in High-life.

POMPEY was now grown up to Maturity and Dog's Eſtate, when he came to live with Lady *Tempeſt*; who ſoon uſhered him into all the Joys and Vanities of the Town. He quickly became a great Admirer of Mr. *Garrick*'s acting at the Play-houſe, grew extremely fond of Maſquerades, paſſed his Judgment on Operas, and was allowed to have a very nice and diſtinguiſhing Ear for *Italian* Muſic. Nor did he lie under the Cenſure which fell on many other well-bred People of a different Species, I mean the Abſurdity of admiring what they did not underſtand; for as he had been

been born in *Italy*, 'tis probable he was a little acquainted with the Language of his native Country.

As he attended his Miſtreſs to all Routs, Drums, Hurricanes, Hurly-burlys and Earthquakes, he ſoon eſtabliſhed an Acquaintance and Friendſhip with all the Dogs of Quality, and of courſe affected a moſt hearty Contempt for all of inferior Station, whom he would never vouchſafe to play with, or pay them the leaſt Regard. He pretended to know at firſt Sight, whether a Dog had received a good Education, by his Manner of coming into a Room, and was extremely proud to ſhew *his Collar at Court*; in which again he reſembled certain other Dogs, who are equally vain of their Finery, and happy to be diſtinguiſhed in their *reſpective Orders*.

If he could have ſpoken, I am perſuaded he would have uſed the Paraphraſes ſo much in faſhion, *Nobody one knows*, *Wretches dropt out of the Moon*, *Creatures ſprung from a Dunghil*; by which are ſignified all thoſe who are not born to a Title, or have not Impudence and Diſhoneſty enough to run in debt with their Taylors for Laced Cloaths.

Again, had he been to write a Letter from *Bath* or *Tunbridge*, he wou'd have told his Correſpondent *there was not a Soul in the Place*, tho' at the ſame time he knew there were above two Thouſand; becauſe perhaps none of the Men wore Stars and Garters, and none of the Women were bold enough to impoveriſh their Families by playing at the noble and illuſtrious Game of Brag. As to his own Part, his Lady was at the Expence of a Maſter, perhaps the great Mr. *H——le*, to teach him to play at Cards; and ſo forward was his Genius, that in leſs than three Months he was able to ſit down with her Ladyſhip to Piquet, whenever Sickneſs or the Vapours confined her to her Chamber.

As he was now become a Dog of the Town, and perfectly well-bred, of course he gave himself up to Intrigue, and had seldom less than two or three Amours on his Hands at a time with *Bitches of the highest Fashion*: In which Circumstances he again lamented the Want of Speech, for by that means he was prevented the Pleasure of boasting of the Favours he received. But his Gallantries were soon divulged by the Consequences of them; and as several very pretty Puppies had been the Offspring of his Loves, it was usual for all the Acquaintance of Lady *Tempest* to sollicit and cultivate his Breed. And here I shall beg leave to insert two little *Billets* of a very extraordinary Nature, as a Specimen of what it is that engages the Attention of Ladies of Quality in this refined and accomplished Age. Lady *Tempest* was sitting at her Toillette one Morning, when her Maid brought her the following little Scroll, from another Lady, whose Name I am not obliged to mention.

Dear Tempest,

'MY favourite little *Veny* is at present troubled 'with certain amorous Infirmities of Nature, and 'wou'd not be displeased with the Addresses of a 'Lover. Be so good therefore to send little *Pom-* 'pey by my Servant who brings this Note, for I 'fancy it will make a very pretty Breed, and when 'the Lovers have transacted their Affairs, he shall 'be sent home incontinently. Believe me, dear 'Tempest,

Yours affectionately——

LADY *Tempest*, as soon as she had read this curious Epistle, called for Pen and Ink, and immediately wrote the following Answer, which likewise we beg leave to insert.

Dear,——

Dear,——

'INFIRMITIES of Nature we all are subject
'to, and therefore I have sent Master *Pompey* to
'wait upon Miss *Veny*, begging the Favour of you
'to return him as soon as his Gallantries are over.
'Consider, my Dear, no modern Love can, in
'the Nature of Things, last above three Days,
'and therefore I hope to see my little Friend again
'very soon.

Your affectionate Friend,
TEMPEST.

THUS was our Hero permitted to indulge himself in all the Luxuries of Life; but in the midst of these Felicities, caressed as he was by his Mistress, and courted by her Visiters, some Misfortunes every now and then fell to his Share, which served a little to check his Pride in the midst of Prosperity. He had once a most bloody Battle with a Cat, in which terrible Rencontre he was very near losing his Right Eye: at another Time he was frightened into a Canal by a huge over-grown Turky-cock, and had like to have been drowned for want of timely Assistance to relieve him. Besides these unlucky Accidents, he was persecuted by all the Servants for being a Favourite, and particularly by the Waiting-gentlewoman abovementioned, who was pleased one Day to run the Comb into his Back; where two of the Teeth remained infixed, and his Mistress was obliged to send for a Surgeon to extract them. But Mrs. *Abigail* had good Reason to repent of her Cruelty, for she was instantly discarded with the greatest Passion, and afterwards refused a Character, when she applied for one to recommend her to a new Service.

YET,

YET, notwithſtanding theſe accidental Misfortunes, from which no Condition is free, he may be ſaid to have led a Life of great Happineſs with Lady *Tempeſt*. He fed upon Chicken, Partridges, Wild-foul, Ragouts, Fricaſſees, and all the Rarities in Seaſon; which ſo pampered him up with luxurious Notions, as made ſome future Scenes of Life the more grievous to him, when Fortune obliged him to undergo the Hardſhips that will hereafter be recorded.

CHAP. VII.

Containing a curious Diſpute on the Immortality of the Soul.

IT is the Nature of all Mankind, Authors as well as others, to abuſe the Patience of their Friends, and as I have already related two Converſations in this little Work, inſtead of ſuppoſing my Reader to be ſatisfied with them, I am tempted to treſpaſs farther on his Patience and trouble him with a third; in which, moreover, the Name of our Hero will but once be mentioned.

LADY *Tempeſt*, being a little indiſpoſed with ſome trifling Diſorder, kept her Chamber, and was attended by two Phyſicians. As her Behaviour in Life had excluded her from all the prudent and virtuous Part of her Sex, her Viſiters conſiſted chiefly of ſuch Ladies, who had contracted a Stain, which placed them on a Level with her Ladyſhip: and to ſay the Truth, Ladies of this ſort are ſo numerous in the great City of *London*, that no Woman need fear a Solitude, let her Imprudence be ever ſo glaring.

HER Ladyſhip's Phyſicians were now making their Morning-viſit, and had juſt gone through the

the Examinations, which Cuſtom immemorial preſcribes—as, How did your Ladyſhip ſleep laſt Night? — do you find any Drowth, Madam?— pray let me look at your Ladyſhip's Tongue — and many other Queſtions of a like Nature, which I have not now Leiſure to record. When theſe were finiſhed, and the youngeſt was preparing to write a Preſcription, a violent Rap at the Door, and ſhortly after the Appearance of a Viſiter, interrupted his Proceeding. The Lady, who now arrived, came directly up to Lady *Tempeſt*, and made her Compliments; then ſitting down, and addreſſing herſelf, after ſome little Pauſe, to one of the Phyſicians, aſked him, *If he believed in the Immortality of the Soul?*——but before we anſwer this extraordinary Queſtion, or relate the Converſation that enſued upon it, it will be for the Reader's Eaſe to receive a ſhort Sketch of her Character.

In many reſpects this Lady was in ſimilar Circumſtances with Lady *Tempeſt*; only with this Difference, that the one had been ſeparated from her Huſband by his Death, the other was divorced from hers by Act of Parliament; the one was famous for Wit, and the other affected the Character of Wiſdom. Lady *Sophiſter* (for that was her Name) as ſoon as ſhe was releaſed from the matrimonial Fetters, ſet out to viſit foreign Parts, and diſplayed her Charms in moſt of the Courts in *Europe*. There, in many Parts of her Tour, ſhe had kept Company with *Literati*, and particularly in *France*, where the Ladies affect a Reputation of Science, and are able to diſcourſe on the profoundeſt Queſtions of Theology and Philoſophy. The Labyrinths of a female Brain are ſo various and intricate, that it is difficult to ſay what firſt ſuggeſted the Opinion to her, whe-

ther

ther Caprice, or Vanity of being ſingular, but, all on a ſudden, her Ladyſhip took a Fancy into her Head to diſbelieve the Immortality of the Soul; and never came into the Company of learned Men, without diſplaying Talents on this wonderful Subject. The World indeed aſcribed the Riſe of this Opinion in her Ladyſhip's Brain, to Self-intereſt; for, ſaid they, *it is much better to periſh than to burn*; but for my Part, I chuſe rather to impute it to abſolute Whim and Caprice, or rather an abſurd and ridiculous Love of Paradox. But whatever ſtarted the Thought firſt in her Imagination, ſhe had been at the Pains of great Reading to confirm her in it, and could appeal to the greateſt Authorities in Defence of it. She had read *Hobbes*, *Malbranche*, *Locke*, *Shaftſbury*, *Woollaſton*, and many more; all of whom ſhe obliged to give Teſtimony to her Paradox, and perverted Paſſages out of their Works with a Facility *very eaſy to be imagined*. But Mr. *Locke* had the Misfortune to be her principal Favourite, and conſequently it reſted chiefly upon him to furniſh her with Quotations, whenever her Ladyſhip pleaſed to engage in Controverſy. Such was the Character of Lady *Sophiſter*, who now arrived, and aſked the ſurpriſing Queſtion above-mentioned, concerning the Immortality of the Soul.

DR. *Killdarby*, to whom ſhe addreſſed herſelf, aſtoniſhed at the Novelty of the Queſtion, ſat ſtaring with Horror and Amazement on his Companion: Which Lady *Tempeſt* obſerving, and gueſſing that her female Friend was going to be very abſurd, reſolved to promote the Converſation for her own Amuſement. Turning herſelf therefore to the Doctor, ſhe ſaid with a Smile, 'Don't you underſtand the Meaning of 'her Ladyſhip's Queſtion, Sir? She aſks you, if 'you believe in the Immortality of the Soul?

'BELIEVE

'BELIEVE in the Immortality of the Soul, 'Madam! ſaid the Doctor ſtaring, Bleſs my 'Soul! your Ladyſhips aſtoniſh me beyond 'Meaſure——Believe in the Immortality of 'the Soul! Yes, undoubtedly, and I hope all 'Mankind does the ſame.' 'Be not ſo ſure of 'that, ſaid Lady *Sophiſter* — Pray, Sir, have you 'ever read Mr. *Locke*'s Controverſy with the 'Biſhop of *Worceſter?*' 'Mr. *Locke*'s Contro-'verſy, Madam! replied the Doctor, I proteſt I 'am not ſure—Mr. *Locke*'s Controverſy with 'the Biſhop of *Worceſter*, did your Ladyſhip 'ſay? Let me ſee — I vow I can't recollect— 'My reading has been very multifarious and ex-'tenſive — Yes, Madam, I think I have read it, 'tho' I proteſt I can't be ſure whether I have 'read it or no.' 'Have *you* ever read it, Dr. '*Rhubarb?*' ſaid ſhe, addreſſing herſelf to the other Phyſician. — 'O yes, Madam, very often, 'anſwered he, 'tis that fine Piece of his, where '—Yes, yes, I have read it very often; I re-'member it perfectly well — But, pray Madam, 'is there any Paſſage—I beg your Ladyſhip's Pardon, 'if I am miſtaken—but is there any Paſſage, I ſay 'in that Piece, that tends to confirm your Ladyſhip's 'Notion concerning the Immortality of the Soul?' 'Why, pray Sir, ſaid the Lady with a Smile of 'Triumph, what do you eſteem the Soul to be? 'Is it Air, or Fire, or Æther, or a kind of Quin-'teſſence, as *Ariſtotle* obſerved, and Compoſi-'tion of all the Elements?' Dr. *Rhubarb*, quite dumb-founded with her Learning, deſired firſt to hear her Ladyſhip's Opinon of the Matter. 'My 'Opinion, reſumed ſhe, is exactly the ſame with 'Mr. *Locke*'s. — You know, Mr. *Locke* obſerves 'there are various Kinds of Matter—well—— 'but firſt we ſhould define *Matter*, which you 'know the Logicians tell us, is an extended ſo-

'lid

'lid Subſtance—Well, out of this Matter, ſome,
'you know, is made into Roſes and Peach-
'trees—the next Step which Matter takes is Ani-
'mal Life, from whence we have Lions and
'Elephants, and all the Race of Brutes.—Then,
'the next Step, as Mr. *Locke* obſerves, is Thought,
'and Reaſon, and Volition, from whence are
'created Men, and therefore you very plainly
'ſee, 'tis impoſſible for the Soul to be immortal."

'PARDON me, Madam, ſaid *Rhubarb* —— 'Roſes and Peach-trees, and Elephants and Li-
'ons! I proteſt I remember nothing of this
'Nature in Mr. *Locke*.' 'Nay, Sir, ſaid ſhe,
'can you deny me this? If the Soul is Fire, it
'muſt be extinguiſhed; if it is Air, it muſt be
'diſperſed; if it be only a Modification of Mat-
'ter, why then of courſe it ceaſes, you know,
'when Matter is no longer modified—if it be
'any thing elſe, it is exactly the ſame Thing,
'and therefore you muſt confeſs—indeed Doc-
'tor, you muſt confeſs, that 'tis impoſſible for
'the Soul to be immortal.'

DR. *Killdarby*, who had ſat ſilent for ſome Time, to collect his Thoughts, finding what a learned Antagoniſt he had to cope with, began now to harangue in the following Manner:

'Madam, ſaid he, I ſhall not trouble myſelf
'with the Sophiſtry and Quibbles of the Schools,
'where Men of Idleneſs and Retirement firſt of
'all puzzle themſelves with intricate Speculations,
'and then diſturb the Quiet of the World, by
'publiſhing the Reſult of them, and by ſtarting
'Difficulties in Men's Minds, that otherwiſe
'would never have occurred. Common-ſenſe,
'aſſiſted by Revelation, is capable of attaining to
'all the Knowledge, that is of Uſe and Impor-
'tance for us to know; and whatever goes be-
'yond this, is but a ſpecious learned kind of

'trifling

'trifling, which may be attended with much 'Miſchief, but never can produce any Good. 'Now the concurrent Opinions of all Man- 'kind have ever agreed in believing the Immor- 'tality of the Soul, and there never was any 'Nation ſo barbarous in Ignorance, or ſo de- 'praved by Superſtition, as to be without, or 'doubtful of this fundamental Article of all Reli- 'gion. They may have differed, perhaps, in their 'Notions of the Nature of a future State; 'but the main Article, the firſt Ground-work 'of the Queſtion has ever been the ſame; and 'this to me, I confeſs, is an unanſwerable Ar- 'gument of its Truth. You ſee, Madam, I 'purpoſely wave the Topic of Revelation, that 'I may not expoſe it to the Ridicule of Infi- 'delity.'

'OH Sir, ſaid the Lady, interrupting him with a Sneer, 'As to that Matter, as to Reve- 'lation——and here ſhe ran into much Common-place Raillery, at the Expence only of Chriſtianity and the Goſpel; 'till Lady *Tempeſt* cut her ſhort, and deſired her to be ſilent upon that Head: For this good Lady believed all the Doctrines of Religion, and was contented, like many others, with the trifling Privilege only of diſobeying all its Precepts.

LADY *Sophiſter*, however, though ſhe had been unſucceſsful in her firſt Attack, was reſolved not to quit the Field of Battle, but rallied her Forces, and once more fell upon her Adverſaries with an Air of Triumph. 'You ſay, I think, Sir, reſumed 'ſhe, that a Multitude of Opinions will eſtabliſh a 'Truth——Now you know the *Indians* believe 'that their Dogs will go to Heaven along with 'them, and if a great many Opinions can prove 'any thing to be true, what ſay you to that, Sir?

'For

'For Inſtance, there's Lady *Tempeſt*'s little Lap-
'dog'——'My dear little Creature, ſaid Lady
'*Tempeſt*, catching him up in her Arms, will you
'go to Heaven along with me? I ſhall be vaſtly
'glad of your Company, *Pompey*, if you will.'
From this Hint both their Ladyſhips had many bright Sallies, 'till Lady *Sophiſter*, flushed with the Hopes of this Argument, recalled her Adverſary to the Queſtion, and deſired to hear his Reply.
'Madam, ſaid *Killdarby*, the Reply would be eaſy
'enough; but I am ſorry to hear your Ladyſhips
'talk ſo looſely on ſo ſerious a Subject; though
'I confeſs it is not a new Thing to me, for I
'have been preſent in many Companies of late,
'where the weakeſt Arguments, and moſt wan-
'ton Raillery againſt Religion have been received
'with Applauſe. The Anſwer to what your La-
'dyſhip has advanced, would be eaſy and obvious
'but I muſt beg to be excuſed——my Profeſſion
'does not oblige me to a Knowledge of ſuch Sub-
'jects——I came here to preſcribe as a Phyſician,
'and not to diſcuſs Topics of Theology——
'Come, Brother, I believe we only interrupt
'their Ladyſhips, and I am obliged to call upon
'my Lord——and Lady——and Sir *William*—
'Lady *Betty*, and many other People of Quality
'this Morning.' Dr. *Rhubard* declared, that he likewiſe had as many Viſits to make; whereupon the two Gentlemen, taking their Leaves——and their Fees, retired with great Precipitation, and left her Ladyſhip in Poſſeſſion of the Field of Battle, who immediately reported all about the Town, that ſhe had outreaſoned two Phyſicians, and obliged them, by Dint of Argument, to confeſs, that the Soul is not immortal.

BEFORE I conclude this Chapter, I muſt beg the Reader not to imagine that any Ridicule was here

here intended of Mr. *Locke*, whose Name ought ever to be mentioned with Honour, and much less of the great Question debated in it; but, on the contrary, that it was designed to expose the Folly and Impiety of modern Wits, who dare to think Religion a proper Subject of Ridicule; and principally, explode the Vanity of Women's pretending to Pholosophy, when neither their Intellects, nor Education qualify them for it. Beauty is no Excuse for Infidelity, and when they have so many other Arts to gain Admirers, one would think they need not be driven *to dispute against the Immortality of the Soul.*

CHAP. VIII.

Containing various and sundry Matters.

POMPEY had now lived two Years with Lady *Tempest*, in all the Comforts and Luxuries of Life, fed every Day with the choicest, most expensive Dainties that *London* could afford, and caressed by all the People of Fashion that visited his Mistress.

- - - - - sed scilicet ultima semper
Expectanda dies - - - - dicique beatus
Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet.

A moral Reflection, no less applicable to Dogs than to Men! for they both alike experience the Inconstancy of Fortune, of which our Hero was a great Example, as all the following Pages of his History will very remarkably evince.

LADY *Tempest* was walking in *St. James's Park* one Morning in the Spring, with little *Pompey*, as usual, attending her, for she never went abroad without

without taking him in her Arms. Here she set him down on his Legs, to play with some other Dogs of Quality, that were taking the Air that Morning in the *Mall*; giving him strict Orders, however, not to presume to stray out of her Sight. But in spite of this Injunction, something or other tempted his Curiosity beyond the Limits of the *Mall*; and there, while he was rolling and indulging himself on the green Grass, a Pleasure by Novelty rendered more agreeable to him, it was his Misfortune to spring a Bird; which he pursued with such Eagerness and Alacrity, that he was got as far as *Rosamond's Pond* before he thought proper to give over the Chace. His Mistress, in the mean while, was engaged in a warm and interesting Dispute on the Price of Silk, which so engrossed her Attention, that she never missed her Favourite; nay, what is still more extraordinary, she got into her Coach, and drove home without once bestowing a Thought upon him. But the Moment she arrived in her Dining-room, and cast her Eyes on the rest of her four-footed Friends, her Guilt immediately flew in her Face, and she cried out with a Scream, *As I am alive, I have left little* Pompey *behind me.* Then summoning up two of her Servants in an Instant, she commanded them to go directly, and search every Corner of the Park with the greatest Diligence, protesting she should never have any Peace of Mind, 'till her Favourite was restored to her Arms. Many Times she rang her Bell, to know if her Servants were returned, before it was possible for them to have got thither; but at length the fatal Message arrived, that *Pompey* was no where to be found. And indeed it would have been next to a Miracle, if he had; for these faithful Ambassadors had never once stirred from the

Kitchen

Kitchen Fire, where, together with the reſt of the Servants, they had been laughing at the Folly of their Miſtreſs, and diverting themſelves with the Misfortunes of her little Darling. And the Reaſon why they denied their Return ſooner, was becauſe they imagined a ſufficient Time had not then elapſed, to give a Probability to that Lie, which they were determined to tell. Yet this did not ſatisfy their Lady; ſhe ſent them a ſecond Time to repeat their Search, and a ſecond Time they returned with the ſame Story, that *Pompey* was to be found *neither high nor low*. At this again the Reader is deſired not to wonder; for tho' her Ladyſhip ſaw them out of the Houſe herſelf, and ordered them to bring back her Favourite, under Pain of Diſmiſſion, the fartheſt of their Travels was only to an Ale-houſe at the Corner of the Street, where they had been entertaining a large Circle of their parti-colour'd Brethren, with much Ribbaldry, at the Expence of their Miſtreſs.

TENDERNESS to this Lady's Character makes me paſs over much of the Sorrow ſhe vented on this Occaſion; but I cannot help relating, that ſhe immediately diſpatched Cards to all her Acquaintance, to put off a Drum which was to have been held at her Houſe that Evening, giving as a Reaſon, that ſhe had loſt her darling Lap-dog, and could not ſee Company. She likewiſe ſent an Advertiſement to the News-Papers, of which we have procured a Copy, and beg leave to inſert it.

Loſt in the Mall *in* St. James's Park, *between the Hours of Two and Three* in the Morning, *a beautiful* Bologna *Lap-dog, with black and white Spots, a mottled Breaſt, and ſeveral Moles upon his Noſe, and anſwers to the Name of* Pomp, *or* Pompey. *Whoever will bring the ſame to Mrs.* La Places's *in* Duke-ſtreet, Weſtminſter, *or Mrs.* Huſſy's, *Mantua-*

Mantua-maker in the Strand, *or to* St. James's *Coffee-houſe, ſhall receive two Guineas Reward.*

THIS Advertiſement was inſerted in all the Papers for a Month, with Increaſe of the Reward, as the Caſe grew more deſperate; yet neither all the Enquiries ſhe made, nor all the Rewards ſhe offered, ever reſtored little *Pompey* to her Arms. We muſt leave her therefore to receive the Conſolations of her Friends on this afflicting Loſs, and return to examine after our Hero, of whoſe Fortune the Reader, perhaps, may have a Deſire to hear.

HE had been purſuing a Bird, as was before deſcribed, as far as *Roſamond's Pond*, and when his Diverſion was over, galloped back to the *Mall*, not in the leaſt doubting to find his Lady there at his Return. But alas! how great was his Diſappointment! he ran up and down, ſmelling to every Petticoat he met, and ſtaring in every female Face he ſaw, yet neither his Eyes, nor Noſe, gave him the Information he deſired. Seven Times he courſed from *Buckingham-houſe* to the *Horſe-guards*, and back again, but all in vain: At length, tired, and full of Deſpair, he ſat himſelf down, diſconſolate and ſorrowful, under a Tree, and there turning his Head aſide, abandoned himſelf to much mournful Meditation. In this evil Plight, while he was ruminating on his Fate, and, like many other People in the *Park*, unable to divine where he ſhould get a Dinner; he was ſpied by a little Girl, about eight Years old, who was walking by her Mothers's Side in the *Mall*. She no ſooner perceived him, than ſhe cried out, *La! Mamma! there's a pretty Dog!*—— *I have a good Mind to call to it, Mamma! Shall I Mamma? Shall I call to it, Mamma?* Having received her Mother's Aſſent, ſhe applied herſelf, with much Tenderneſs, to ſollicit

licit him to her; which the little Unfortunate no ſooner obſerved, than breaking off his Meditations, he ran haſtily up, and ſaluting her with his Fore-paws (as the Wretched are glad to find a Friend) gave ſo many dumb Expreſſions of Joy, that Speech itſelf could hardly have been more eloquent. The young Lady, on her Side, charmed with his ready Compliance, took him up in her Arms, and kiſſed him with great Delight; then turning again to her Mother, and aſking her, if ſhe did not think him a charming Creature, 'I wonder, ſays 'ſhe, whoſe Dog it is, Mamma! I have a good 'mind to take it home with me Mamma! Shall I, 'Mamma? Shall I take it home with me, Mam-'ma?' To this alſo her Mother conſented, and when they had taken two or three more Turns, they retired to their Coach, and *Pompey* was conducted to his new Lodgings.

As ſoon as they alighted at home, little Miſs ran haſtily up Stairs, to ſhew her Brother and Siſters the Prize ſhe had found, and he was handed about from one to the other with great Delight and Admiration of his Beauty. He was then introduced to all their Favourites; which were a Dormouſe, two Kittens, a *Dutch* Pug, a Squirrel, a Parrot, and a Magpye. To theſe he was preſented with many childiſh Ceremonies, and all the innocent Follies, that are ſo important to the Happineſs of this happieſt Age. The Parrot was to make a Speech to him, the Squirrel to make him a Preſent of ſome Nuts, the Kittens were to dance for his Diverſion, the Magpye to tell his Fortune, and all enjoined to contribute ſomething to the Entertainment of the little Stranger. And 'tis inconceivable how buſy they were in the Execution of theſe Trifles, with all their Spirits up in Arms, and their whole Souls laid out upon them.

IN a few Days, little *Pompey* began to know his Way about the Houſe alone, and I am ſorry to ſay it, in leſs than a Week he had quite forgot his former Miſtreſs. Here I know not how to excuſe his Behaviour. Had he been a Man, one ſhould not have wondered to find him guilty of Ingratitude, a Vice deeply rooted in the Nature of that wicked Animal; and accordingly, we ſee in all the Revolutions at Court, how readily a new Miniſter is acknowledged and embraced by all the Subalterns and dependent Flatterers, who fawn with the ſame Servility on the new Favourite, as before they practiſed to the old; but that a Dog—a Creature famous for Fidelity, ſhould ſo ſoon forget his former Friend and Benefactor, is, I confeſs, quite unaccountable, and I would willingly draw a Veil over this Part of his Conduct, if the Veracity of an Hiſtorian did not oblige me to relate it.

CHAP. IX.

Containing what the Reader will know, if he reads it.

ALTHOUGH the Family, into which *Pompey* now arrived, are almoſt too inconſiderable for the Dignity of Hiſtory, yet as they had the Honour of entertaining our Hero for a Time, we ſhall explain ſome few Circumſtances of their Characters.

THE Maſter of it was Son of a wealthy Trader in the City, who had amaſſed together an immenſe Heap of Riches, merely for the Credit of leaving ſo much Money behind him. He had deſtined his Son to the ſame honourable Purſuit, and very early initiated him into all the Secrets of Buſineſs; but

but the young Gentleman, marrying as ſoon as his Father died, was prevailed upon by his loving Spouſe, whoſe Head ran after genteel Life, to quit the dirty Scene of Buſineſs, and take a Houſe within the Regions of Pleaſure. As neither of them had been uſed to the Company they were now to keep, and both utterly unacquainted with all the Arts of Taſte, their Appearance in the polite World plainly manifeſted their Original, and ſhewed how unworthy they were of thoſe Riches they ſo awkardly enjoy'd. A clumſy, inelegant Magnificence prevailed in every Part of their Œconomy, in the Furniture of their Houſes, in the Diſpoſition of their Tables, in the Choice of their Cloaths, and in every other Action of their Lives. They knew no other Enjoyment but profuſe Expence, and their Country-houſe was by the Road-ſide at *Highgate*. It may be imagined ſuch awkard Pretenders to High-Life, were treated with Ridicule by all the People of Genius and Spirit; but immoderate Wealth, and a Coach and Six, opened them a Way into Company, and few refuſed their Viſits, tho' all laughed at their Appearance. For to tell the Reader a Secret, Money will procure its Owners Admittance any where; and however People may pride themſelves on the Antiquity of their Families, if they have not Money to preſerve a Splendor in Life, they may go a-begging with their Pedigrees in their Hands; whereas lift a Grocer into a Coach-and-Six, and let him attend publick Places, and make grand Entertainments, he may be ſure of having his Table filled with People of Faſhion, tho' it was no longer ago than laſt Week that he left off ſelling Plumbs and Sugar.

THE Fruits of their Marriage were three Daughters and a Son, who ſeemed not to promiſe long Life, or at leaſt were likely to be made wretched by Diſtempers. For as the Father was much afflicted with the Gout, and the Mother pale, unhealthy and conſumptive, the Children inherited the Diſeaſes of their Parents, and were ricketty, ſcrophulous, ſallow in their Complexions, and diſtorted in their Limbs. Nor were their Minds at all more amiable than their Bodies, being proud, ſelfiſh, obſtinate and croſs-humoured; and the whole Turn of their Education ſeemed calculated rather to improve theſe Vices than to eradicate them. For this Purpoſe, inſtead of ſending them to Schools, where they would have been whipt out of many of their Ill-tempers, and perhaps by Converſation with other Children, might have learnt a more open generous Diſpoſition, they were bred up under private Teachers at home, who never oppoſed any of their Humours, for fear of offending their Parents. Thus little Maſter, the Mother's Darling, was put under the Care of a domeſtic Tutor, partly becauſe ſhe cou'd not endure to have him at a Diſtance from her Sight, and partly becauſe ſhe had heard it was genteel to educate young Gentlemen at home.

THE Tutor ſelected for this Purpoſe, had been dragged out of a College-Garret at Thirty, and juſt ſeen enough of the World to make him impertinent and a Coxcomb. For being introduced all at once into what is called *Life*, his Eyes were dazzled with the Things he beheld, and without waiting the Call of Nature, he made a quick Tranſition from College-reſervedneſs to the pert Familiarity of a *London* Preacher. He ſoon grew to deſpiſe the Books he had read at the Univerſity,

and

and affected a Taſte for polite Literature—that is, for no Literature at all; by which he endeared himſelf ſo much to the Family he lived in, by reading Plays to them, bringing home Stories from the Coffee-houſe, and other Arts, that they gave him the Character of the *entertaingeſt, moſt facetious, beſt-humoured Creature that ever came into a Houſe.* As his Temper led him by any Means to flatter his Benefactors, he never failed to cry up the Parts and Genius of his Pupil, as a Miracle of Nature; which the fond Mother, underſtanding nothing of the Matter, very eaſily believed. When therefore any of her female Viſiters were commending little Maſter *for the fineſt Child they ever beheld*, ſhe could not help adding ſomething concerning his Learning, and wou'd ſay on ſuch Occaſions ‘. I aſſure you, Madam, his Tutor tells me he ‘ is forwarder than ever Boy was of his Age. ‘ He has got already, it ſeems, into his ‘ *Syntax*——— I don't know what the *Syntax* ‘ is Madam, but I dare ſay 'tis ſome very good ‘ moral Book, otherwiſe Mr. *Jackſon* wou'd ‘ not teach it him; for to be ſure, there never ‘ was a Maſter that had a better Manner of teach- ‘ ing than Mr. *Jackſon*——— What is the ‘ *Syntax*, my Dear? Tell the Ladies what the ‘ *Syntax* is, Child!' ‘ Why, Mamma, cries ‘ the Boy, the *Syntax* is —— it is at the End of ‘ the *As in Præſenti*, and teaches you how to ‘ parſe.' ‘ Ay, ay, ſaid the Mother, I thought ‘ ſo my dear; 'tis ſome very good Book I ‘ make no doubt, and will improve your Mo- ‘ rals as well as your Underſtanding. Be a ‘ good Boy, Child and mind what Mr. *Jackſon*

'ſays to you, and I dare ſay, you'll make a great 'Figure in Life.

THIS is a little Specimen of the young Gentleman's Education, and that of the young Ladies fell ſhort of it in no Particular: For they were taught by their Mother and Governeſſes to be vain, affected, and foppiſh; to diſguiſe every natural Inclination of the Soul, and give themſelves up to Cunning, Diſſimulation, and Inſincerity; to be proud of Beauty they had not, and aſhamed of Paſſions they had; to think all the Happineſs of Life conſiſted in a new Cap or a new Gown, and no Misfortune equal to the miſſing a Ball.

BESIDES many inanimate Play-things, this little Family had likewiſe, as we before obſerved, ſeveral living Favourites, whom they took a Delight to vex and torture for their Diverſion. Among the Number of theſe, little *Pompey* had the Misfortune to be enrolled; I ſay Misfortune, for wretched indeed are all thoſe Animals, that become the Favourites of Children. For a good while he ſuffered only the Barbarity of their Kindneſs, and was perſecuted with no other Cruelties than what aroſe from their extravagant Love of him; but when the Date of his Favour began to expire (and indeed it did not continue long) he was then taught to feel how much ſeverer their Hate could be than their Fondneſs. Indeed he had from the firſt two or three dreadful Preſages of what might happen to him, for he had ſeen with his own Eyes the two Kittens, his Play-fellows, drowned for ſome Miſdemeanor they had been guilty of, and the Magpy's Head chopt off with greated Paſſion, for daring to peck a Piece of Plumb-cake that laid in

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the Window, without Permiſſion; which Inſtances of Cruelty were ſufficient to warn him, if he had any Foreſight, of what might afterwards happen to himſelf.

BUT he was not left long to entertain himſelf with Conjectures, before he felt in Perſon and in reality the miſchievous Diſpoſition of theſe little Tyrants. Some times they took it into their Heads that he was full of Fleas, and then he was dragged thro' a Canal till he was almoſt dead, in order to kill the Vermin that inhabited the Hair of his Body. At other Times he was ſet upon his hinder Legs with a Book before his Eyes, and ordered to read his Leſſon; which not being able to perform, they whipt him with Rods till he began to exert his Voice in a lamentable Tone, and then they chaſtiſed him the more for daring to be ſenſible of Pain.

MUCH of this Treatment did he undergo, often wiſhing himſelf reſtored to the Arms of Lady *Tempeſt*, when Fortune taking pity of his Calamities, again reſolved to change his Lodgings. An elderly Maiden Lady, Aunt to this little Brood and Siſter to their Papa, was one Day making a Viſit in the Family, and by great good Luck happened to be Witneſs of ſome of the Ill-uſage, which *Pompey* underwent: For having committed ſome imaginary Fault he was brought down to be tormented in her Preſence. Her righteous Spirit immediately roſe at this Treatment; ſhe declared it was a Shame to perſecute poor dumb Creatures in that barbarous manner, wondered their Mamma would ſuffer it, and ſignified that ſhe would take the Dog home with her to her own Houſe. Tho' the little Tyrants

had long been tired of him, yet mere Obſtinacy ſet them a crying, when they found he was to be taken from them; but there was no contending; their Aunt was reſolute, and thus *Pompey* was happily delivered from this Houſe of Inquiſition.

CHAP. X.

The Genealogy of a Cat, and other odd Matters, which the great Critics of the Age will call improbable and unnatural.

A QUITE new Scene of Life now opened on our Hero, who from frequenting Drums and Aſſemblies with Lady *Tempeſt*, from ſhining conſpicuous in the Side boxes of the Opera and Play-houſe, was now confined to the Chambers of an old Maid, and obliged to attend Morning and Evening Prayers. 'Tis true the Change was not altogether a ſudden one, ſince his laſt Place had a good deal reduced his aſpiring Notions; but ſtill his Genius for Gallantry and High-life continued, and he found it very difficult to compoſe himſelf to the ſober Hours and orderly Deportment of an ancient Virgin. Sometimes indeed he would turn up his Ear and ſeem attentive, while ſhe was reading *Tillotſon*'s Sermons; but if the Truth were known, I believe he had much rather have been liſtening to a Novel or a Play-book.

PEOPLE who have been uſed to much Company, cannot eaſily reconcile themſelves to Solitude, and the only Companion he found here,

was

was an ancient tabby Cat, whom he deſpiſed at firſt with a moſt faſhionable Diſdain, tho' ſhe ſolicited his Acquaintance with much Civility, and ſhewed him all the Reſpect due to a Stranger. She took every Opportunity of meeting him in her Walks, and tried to enter into Converſation with him; but he never returned any of her Compliments, and as much as poſſible declined her Haunts. At length, however, Time reconciled him to her, and frequent Meetings produced a ſtrict Friendſhip between them.

THIS Cat, by name *Mopſa*, was Heireſs of the moſt ancient Family of Cats in the World. There is a Tradition, which makes her to be deſcended from that memorable *Grimalkin* of Antiquity, who was converted into a Woman at the Requeſt of her Maſter, and is ſaid to have leapt out of Bed one Morning, forgetting her Tranformation, in purſuit of a fugitive Mouſe: From which Event all Moraliſts have declaimed on the Impoſſibility of changing fixed Habits, and *L'Eſtrange* in particular obſerves, *that Puſs, tho' a Madam, will be a Mouſer ſtill.*

IT is very difficult to fix the preciſe Time of her Family's firſt Arrival in *England*, ſo various and diſcordant are the Opinions of our Antiquaries on that Subject. Many are perſuaded they came over with *Brute* the *Trojan*; others conjecture they were left by *Phœnician* Merchants, who formerly traded on the Coaſt of *Cornwal*. The great *B—n W—ll—s* inſiſts, that *Julius Cæſar*, in his ſecond Expedition to *Britain*, brought over with him a Colony of *Roman* Cats to people the Iſland, at that time greatly infeſted with Mice and Rats. The learned and inge-

nious Dr. *S—k—y*, disliking all these Opinions, undertakes to prove, that they were not in *England* till the Conquest, but that they came over in the same Ship with the Duke of *Normandy*, afterwards *William* the First. Which of their Conjectures is the truest, these ingenious Gentlemen must decide among themselves; which I apprehend will not be done without many Volumes of Controversy; but they are all unanimous in supposing the Family to be very ancient and of foreign Extraction.

ANOTHER of her great Ancestors, whose Name likewise is considerable in History, was that immortal Cat, who made the Fortune of Mr. *Whitington*, and advanced him to the Dignity of a Lord-Mayor of *London*, according to the Prophecy of a Parish-Steeple to that effect. There are likewise many others well known to Fame, as *Gridelin the Great*, and *Dina the Sober*, and *Grimalkin the pious*, and the famous Puss that wore Boots, and another that had a Legacy left her in the last Will and Testament of her deceased Mistress; of which satirical Mention is made in the Works of our *English Horace*. But leaving the Deduction of her Genealogy to the great Professors of that Science, and recommending it to them as a Subject quite new, and extremely worthy of their sagacious Researches, I shall proceed to Matters of greater Consequence to this History.

'Tis observed by an old *Greek* Poet, and from thence copied into the *Spectator*, that there is a great Similitude between Cats and Women. Whether the Resemblance be just in other Instances, I will not pretend to determine, but I believe it holds exactly between ancient Cats and ancient Maids; which I suppose is the Reason why Ladies of

that Character are never without a grave Mouſer in their Houſes, and generally at their Elbows.

MOPSA had now lived near a dozen Years with her preſent Miſtreſs, and being naturally of a ſtudious, muſing Temper, ſhe had ſo improved her Underſtanding from the Converſation of this aged Virgin, that ſhe was now deſervedly reckoned the moſt philoſophic Cat in *England*. She had the Misfortune ſome Years before to loſe her favorite Siſter *Selima*, who was unfortunately drowned in a large China Vaſe; which ſorrowful Accident is very ingeniouſly lamented in a moſt elegant little Ode, which I heartily recommend to the Peruſal of every Reader, who has a Taſte for Lyric Numbers and poetical Fancy; and it is to be found in one of the Volumes of Mr. *Dodſley*'s Collection of *Miſcellany Poems*. The Misfortune added much to *Mopſa*'s Gravity, and gave her an Air of Melancholy not eaſily deſcribed. For a long while indeed her Grief was ſo great, that ſhe neglected the Care of her Perſon, neither cleanſing her Whiſkers, nor waſhing her Face as uſual; but Time and Reflection at length got the better of her Sorrow, and reſtored her to the narural Serenity of her Temper.

WHEN little *Pompey* came into the Family, ſhe ſaw he had a good Diſpoſition at the bottom, tho' he was a *wild*, *thoughtleſs*, *young Dog*, and therefore reſolved to try the Effects of her Philoſophy upon him. If therefore at any time he began to talk in the Language of the World, and flouriſhed upon Balls, Operas, Plays, Maſquerades, and the like, ſhe would take up the Diſcourſe, and with much Socratical Compoſure prove to him the

Folly and Vanity of ſuch Purſuits. She would tell him how unworthy it was of a Dog of any Underſtanding to follow the trivial Gratification of his Senſes, and how idle were the Pageants of Ambition compared with the ſober Comforts of Philoſophy. This indeed he uſed to ridicule with great Gaiety of Spirit (if the Reader will believe it) and tell her by way of Anſwer, that her Contempt of the World aroſe from her having never lived in it. But when he had a little wore off the Reliſh of Pleaſure, he began to liſten every Day to her Arguments with greater Attention, till at length ſhe abſolutely convinced him that Happineſs is no where ſo perfect, as in Tranquility and retired Life.

FROM this Time their Friendſhip grew ſtricter every Day; they uſed to go upon little Parties of innocent Amuſements together, and it was very entertaining to ſee them walking Side by Side in the Garden, or lying couchant under a Tree to ſurprize ſome little Bird in the Branches. Malicious Fame no ſooner obſerved this Intimacy, than with her uſual Malice ſhe publiſhed the Scandal of an Amour between them; but I am perſuaded it had no Foundation, for *Mopſa* was old enough to be *Pompey*'s Grand-mother, and beſides he always behaved to her rather with the Homage due to a Parent than the ardent Fondneſs of a Lover.

BUT Fortune, his conſtant Enemy, again ſet her Face againſt him. The two Friends one Day in their Miſtreſs's Cloſet, had been engaged in a very ſerious Diſpute on the *Summum Bonum*, or chief Good of Life; and both of them delivered their Sentiments very gravely upon it; the one contending for an abſolute Excluſion of all Pleaſure,

ſure, the other deſirous only to intermix ſome Diverſions with his Philoſophy. They were ſeated on two Books, which their Miſtreſs had left open in her Study; to wit, *Mopſa* on *Nelſon*'s *Feſtivals*, and *Pompey* on *Baker*'s *Chronicles*; when alas—how little things often determine the greateſt Matters! *Pompey*, in the Earneſtneſs of his Debate, did ſomething on the Leaves of that ſage Hiſtorian, very unworthy of his Character, and improper to be mentioned in explicit Terms. His Miſtreſs unfortunately entered the Room at that Moment, and ſaw the Crime he had been guilty of; which ſo enraged her, that ſhe reſolved never to ſee his Face any more, but ordered her Footman to diſpoſe of him without delay.

THUS was this hopeful Friendſhip interupted almoſt as ſoon as it began; for the Footman, having received his Miſtreſs's Orders, ſold him that very Day for a Pint of Porter to an Ale-houſe-keeper's Daughter near *Hyde-Park* Corner.

CHAP. XI.

The Hiſtory of a modiſh Marriage; the Deſcription of a Coffee-houſe, and a very grave political Debate on the Good of the Nation.

POMPEY was ſold, as we have juſt obſerved, to an Alehouſe-Keeper's Daughter, for the valuable Conſideration of a Pint of Porter. This amiable young Lady was then on the Point of Marriage with a Hackney-Coachman, and ſoon afterwards the Nuptials were conſummated

mated to the great Joy of the two ancient Families, who were by this Means ſure of not being extinct. As ſoon as the Ceremony was over at the *Fleet*, the new-married Couple ſet out to celebrate their Wedding at the *Old blue Boar* in *Tyburn* Road, and the Bride was conducted home at Night dead-drunk to her new Apartments in a Garret in *Smithfield*.

THIS faſhionable Pair had ſcarce been married three Days before they began to quarrel on a very faſhionable Subject: For the civil well-bred Huſband coming home one Night from his Station, and expecting the Cow-heels to have been ready for his Supper, found his Lodgings empty, and his darling Spouſe abroad. At about eleven o'Clock ſhe came flouncing into the Room, and telling him, with *gaitè de cœur*, that ſhe had been at the Play, began to deſcribe the ſeveral Scenes of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmark*. Judge if this was not Provocation too great for a Hackney-Coachman's Temper. He fell to exerciſing his Whip in a moſt outrageous Manner, and ſhe applying herſelf no leſs readily to more deſperate Weapons, a moſt bloody Fray enſued between them; in which *Automedon* had like to have been ſtabbed with a Penkniſe, and his fair Spouſe was obliged to keep her Bed near a Month with the Bruiſes ſhe received in this horrid Rencounter.

LITTLE *Pompey* now moſt ſenſibly felt the ill Effects of his former Luxury, which ſerved only to aggravate the Miſeries of his preſent Condition. The coarſe Fare he met with in roofleſs Garrets, or Cellars under Ground, were but indelicate Morſels to one who had formerly lived on *Ragouts* and *Fricaſſees*; and he found it

very

very difficult to ſleep on hard and naked Floors, who had been uſed to have his Limbs cuſhioned up on *Sophas* and Couches. But luckily for him, his Favour with his Miſtreſs procured him the Hatred of his Maſter, who ſold him a ſecond Time to a Nymph of *Billingſgate* for a Pennyworth of Oyſters.

HIS Situation indeed was not mended for the preſent by this Means, but it put him in a Way to be releaſed the ſooner from a Courſe of Life ſo ill ſuited to his Conſtitution or his Temper. For this delicate Fiſherwoman, as ſhe went her Rounds, carried him one Evening to a certain Coffee-houſe near the *Temple*, where the Lady behind the Bar was immediately ſtruck with his Beauty, and with no great Difficulty prevailed on the gentle Water-Nymph to ſurrender him for a Dram of Brandy.

HIS Fortunes now began to wear a little better Aſpect, and he ſpent his Time here agreeably enough in liſtening to the Converſations and Diſputes that aroſe in the Coffee-Room among People of all Denominations; for here aſſembled Wits, Critics, Templars, Politicians, Poets, Country Squires, grave Tradeſmen, and ſapient Phyſicians.

THE little Conſiſtories of Wit claimed his firſt Attention, being a Dog of a natural Turn for Humour, and he took a Pleaſure to hear young Templars criticiſe the Works of *Shakeſpear*, call Mr. *Garrick* to Account every Evening for his Action, extol the Beauty of Actreſſes, and the Reputation of Whores. Here the illuſtrious Mr. *F——t* (before he was yet exalted to the Dignity of keeping a Chariot and Bay-horſes, which perhaps may not be *the*

higheſt

higheſt Exaltation he has yet to undergo) uſed to harangue to a Club of his Admirers, and, like a great Profeſſor of Impudence, teach them the Principles of that immortal Science. Here he conceived the firſt Thought of *giving Tea*, and *milling Chocolate*; and here he laid the Plan of all thoſe mighty Operations he has ſince atchieved. The Maſter of the Coffee-houſe himſelf is a great Adept in modern Literature, and, I believe, reads Lectures of Wit to young Templars on their firſt Appearance in Town.

POMPEY, when he was tired of the Clubs of Humour, would betake himſelf to another Table, and liſten to a Junto of Politicians, who uſed to aſſemble here in an Evening with the moſt public-ſpirited Views; namely to ſettle the Affairs of the Nation, and point out the Errors of the Miniſtry. Here he has heard the Government arraigned in the moſt abuſive Manner, for what the Government never performed or thought of; and the loweſt Ribaldry of a dirty News-paper cried up as the higheſt Touches of Attic Irony. He has heard Sea-fights condemned by People who never ſaw the Sea even thro' a Teleſcope; and the General of an Army called to Account for his Diſpoſition of a Battle, by Men whoſe Knowledge of War never reached beyond a Cock-match.

A CURIOUS Converſation of this kind happened one Day in his hearing, which I ſhall beg leave to relate as a little Specimen of Coffee-houſe Oratory. It happened at the End of the late Rebellion; and the chief Orator of the Club began as uſual with aſſerting, that the Rebellion was promoted by the Miniſtry for ſome private Ends of their own. 'What was the

'Reaſon,

'Reaſon, ſaid he, of its being diſbelieved ſo 'long? Why was our Army abſent at ſuch a 'critical Conjuncture? let any Man tell me 'that. I ſhould be glad to hear any Man an-'ſwer me theſe Queſtions. D——mn it, they 'may think perhaps they are acting all this 'while in ſecret, and applaud themſelves for 'their Cunning; but I believe I know more 'than they would wiſh me to know. Thank 'God I can ſee a little, if I pleaſe to open 'my Eyes; and if I was in the Houſe of Com-'mons ——— 'Zounds, old *Walpole* is behind 'the Curtain ſtill, notwithſtanding his Reſigna-'tion, and the old Game is playing over a-'gain, whatever they may pretend —— There 'was a Correſpondence between *Walpole* and '*Fleury*, to my Knowledge, and they project-'ed between them all the Evils that have ſince 'happened to the Nation.'

THE Company all ſeemed to agree with this eloquent Gentleman's Sentiments; and one of them ventured to ſay, he believed the Army was ſent into *Flanders*, on purpoſe to be out of the Way at the Time of the Inſurrection. 'Zounds! ſays the Orator, I believe you are 'in the right, and the Wind blew them over 'againſt their Inclinations. Pox! What made '*What d'ye-callum's* Army diſperſe as it did? let 'any body anſwer me that, if they are able. 'Don't you think they had Orders from above 'to run away? —— By-G—d I do, if you 'don't, and I believe I could prove it too, if 'I was ſet about it. Beſides, if they have any 'Deſire of preventing future Invaſions from '*France*, why don't they ſend out and burn 'all their Shipping? Why don't they ſend out

'*V—rn—n*

'*V—n—n* with a ſtrong Fleet, and let him
'burn all their Shipping? I warrant him, if he
'had a proper Commiſſion in his Pocket, he
'would not leave a Harbour or a Ship in *France*
'——but they know they don't dare do it for
'fear of Diſcoveries; they are in League with
'the *French* Miniſtry; or elſe, damme, can any
'thing be ſo eaſy as to take and burn all the
'Shipping in *France*?'

A GENTLEMAN, who had hitherto ſat ſilent at the Table, replied, with a Sneer on his Countenance, 'No, Sir, nothing in the World can 'be ſo eaſy, except talking about it.' This drew the Eyes of the Company upon him, and every one began to wink at his Neighbour, when the Orator reſumed the Diſcourſe in the following Manner: 'Talk, Sir? No, by G—d, we 'are come to that paſs, that we don't dare 'talk now-a-days; things are come to ſuch a 'paſs, that we don't dare open our Mouths.' 'Sir, ſaid the Gentleman, I think you have been 'talking already with great Licentiouſneſs; and 'let me add too, with great Indecency on a 'very ſerious Subject.' 'Zounds, Sir! ſaid the 'Orator, may not I have the Liberty of ſpeak-'ing my Mind freely upon any Subject that I 'pleaſe? why, we don't live in *France*, Sir; 'you forget, ſurely —— This is *England*, 'this is honeſt *Old England*, Sir, and not a '*Mahometan* Empire; tho' God knows how 'long we ſhall continue ſo in the Way we 'are going on——and yet, forſooth, we muſt 'not talk; our Mouths are to be ſewed up, as 'well as our Purſes taken from us —— Here 'we are paying four Shillings in the Pound, and 'yet

'yet we muſt not ſpeak our Minds freely.' 'Sir, 'ſaid the Gentleman, undoubtedly you may 'ſpeak your Mind freely; but the Laws of your 'Country oblige you not to ſpeak Treaſon, and 'the Laws of Good-manners ſhould diſpoſe you 'to ſpeak with Decency and Reſpect of your 'Governors. You ſay, Sir, we are come to that 'paſs, that we dare not talk —— I proteſt, 'that is very extrordinary; and if I was called 'upon to anſwer this Declaration, I would ra- 'ther ſay we are come to that paſs now-a-days, 'that we talk with more Virulence and Ill- 'language than ever——we talk upon Sub- 'jects, which it is impoſſible we ſhould under- 'ſtand, and advance Aſſertions, which we know 'to be falſe: Bold Affirmations againſt the Go- 'vernment are believed merely from the Dint of 'Aſſurance with which they are ſpoken, and the 'idleſt Jargon often paſſes for the ſoundeſt Rea- 'ſoning. Give me leave to ſay, You, Sir, are 'a living Example of the Lenity of that Go- 'vernment, which you are abuſing for want of 'Lenity, and your own Practice in the ſtrong- 'eſt Manner confutes your own Aſſertions —— 'but I beg we may call another Subject.'

HERE the Orator having nothing more to reply, was reſolved to retire from a Place where he could no longer make a Figure. Wherefore flinging down his Reckoning, and putting on his Hat with great Vehemence, he walked away muttering ſurlily to himſelf, *Things are come to a fine paſs truly, if People may not have the Liberty of Talking.* The reſt of the Company ſeparated ſoon afterwards, all of them harbouring no very favourable Opinion of the

Gentlemen,

Gentleman, who had taken the Courage to ſtand up in Defence of the Government. Some imagined he was a Spy, others concluded he was a Writer of the Gazettes, and the moſt Part were contented with only thinking him a Fool.

THE angry Orator was no ſooner got home to his Family, and ſeated in his Elbow-chair at Supper, than he began to give vent to the Indignation he had been collecting; 'Zounds, ſaid 'he, I have been called to account for my Words 'to-night. I have been told by a Jack-a-napes 'at the Coffee-houſe, that I muſt not ſay what 'I pleaſe againſt the Government. *Talk with* '*Decency indeed!* a Fart for Decency!——let 'them act with Deceney, if they have a mind 'to ſtop People's Mouths——Talk with De-'cency! d—mn 'em all, I'll talk what I pleaſe, 'and no King or Miniſter on Earth ſhall con-'troul me. Let 'em behead me, if they have a 'Mind, as they did *Balmerino*, and t'other Fel-'low, that died like a Coward. Muſt I be 'catechized by a little Sycophant that kiſſes the 'A——e of a Miniſter? What is an *Eng-'liſhman*, that dares not utter his Sentiments 'freely?——Talk with Decency! I wiſh I had 'kicked the Raſcal out of the Coffee-houſe; 'and I will, if ever I meet him again, damme '——Pox! we are come to a fine paſs, if 'every little prating, pragmatical Jack a-napes 'is to contradict a true-born *Engliſhman*.'

WHILE his Wife and Daughters ſat trembling at the Vehemence of his Speeches, yet not daring to ſpeak, for fear of drawing his Rage on themſelves, he began to curſe them for their Silence; and addreſſing himſelf to his

Wife,

Wife, 'Why do'ſt not ſpeak, cries he? What, 'I ſuppoſe, I ſhall have you telling me by-and-'by too, that I muſt talk with Decency?' 'My 'dear, ſaid the Wife, with great Humility, I 'know nothing at all of the Matter.' 'No, 'cries he, I believe not; but you might know 'to dreſs a Supper, tho', and be d—mn'd to 'you ——— Here's nothing that I can eat ac-'cording to Cuſtom. Pox, a Man may ſtarve 'with ſuch a Wife at the Head of his Family.

WHEN the Cloth was removed, and he was preparing to fill his Pipe, unfortunately he could not find his Tobacco-ſtopper, which again ſet his Choler at work. 'Go up Stairs, *Moll!* 'ſaid he to one of his Daughters, and feel in 'my old Breeches Pocket —— Damme, I be-'lieve that Scoundrel at the Coffee-houſe has 'robbed me *with his Decency* —— Why do'ſt 'not ſtir, Girl? what, haſt got the Cramp in 'thy Toes? Why, Papa, ſaid the Girl ſlip-'pantly, I am going as faſt as I can.' ——— Upon which, immediately he threw a Bottle at her Head and proceeding from Invectives to Blows, he beat his Wife, kicked his Daughters, ſwore at his Servants; and, after all this, went reeling up to Bed with Curſes in his Mouth againſt the Tyranny of the Govcrnment.

NOTHING can be more common than Examples in this way of People, who preſide over their Families with the moſt arbitrary brutal Severity, and yet are ready on all Occaſions to abuſe the Government for the ſmalleſt Exertion of its Power. To ſay the Truth, I ſcarce know a Man, who is not a *Tyrant in miniature*, over the Circle of his own Dependents; and I have obſerved thoſe in

in particular to exercise the greatest Lordship over their Inferiors, who are most forward to complain of Oppression from their Superiors. Happy is it for the World, that this Coffee-house Statesman was not born a King, for one may very justly apply to him the Line of *Martial*.

Hei mihi! si fueris tu Leo, qualis eris?

CHAP. XII.

A Description of Counsellor Tanturian.

BUT among the many People, who frequented this Coffee-House, *Pompey* was delighted with no-body more than with the Person of Counsellor *Tanturian*; who used to crawl out once a Week, to read all the public Papers from *Monday* to *Monday*, at the moderate Price of a Penny. His Dress and Character were both so extraordinary, as will excuse a short Digression upon them.

HE set out originally with a very humble Fortune at the *Temple*, not without Hopes, however, of arriving, some Time or other, at the Chancellor's Seat: But having tried his Abilities once or twice at the Bar, to little Purpose, Nature soon whispered in his Ear, that he was never designed for an Orator. He attended the Judges indeed, after this, through two or three Circuits, but finding his Gains by no means equivalent to his Expences, he thought it most prudent to decline the noisy *Forum*, and content himself with giving Advice to Clients in a Chamber. Either

his

his Talents here alſo were deficient, or Fame had not ſufficiently divulged his Merit, but his Chamber was ſeldom diſturbed with Viſiters, and he had few Occaſions to envy the Tranquility of a Country Life, according to the Lawyer in *Horace*;

Agricolam laudat juris legumque peritus,
Sub Galli cantum conſultor ubi oſtia pulſat.

His Temper grew ſoured and unſocial by Miſcarriages, and the Narrowneſs of his Fortune obliging him to a ſtrict Frugality, he ſoon degenerated into Avarice. The Ruſt of Money is very apt to infect the Soul; and People, whoſe Circumſtances condemn them to Œconomy, in Time grow Miſers, from very Habit. This was the Caſe with Counſellor *Tanturian*, who having quite diſcarded the Reliſh of Pleaſure, and finding his little Pittance, by that Means, more than adequate to his Expences, reſolved to apply the Overplus to the laudable Purpoſes of Uſury. This noble Occupation he had followed a long Time, and by it accumulated a Sum of Ten Thouſand Pounds, which his Heart would not ſuffer him to enjoy, though he had neither Relation nor Friend to leave it to at his Death. He lived almoſt conſtantly alone in a dirty Chamber, denying himſelf every Comfort of Life, and half-ſtarved for want of Suſtenance. Neither Love, nor Ambition, nor Joy, diſturbed his Repoſe; his Paſſions all centered in Money, and he was a kindof Savage within Doors.

THE Furniture of his Perſon was not leſs curious than his Character. At home indeed he wore nothing but a greaſy Flannel Cap about his

Head,

Head, and a dingy Night-gown about his Body; but when he went abroad, he arrayed himself in a Suit of Black, of full Twenty Years ſtanding, and very like in Colour to what is worn by Undertakers at a Funeral. His Peruke, which had once adorned the Head of a Judge in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, ſpread copiouſly over his Back, and down his Shoulders. By his Side hung an aged Sword, long ruſted in its Scabbard; and his black Silk Stockings had been ſo often darned with a different Material, that like Sir *John Cutler*'s, they were now metamorphoſed into black Worſted Stockings.

SUCH was Counſellor *Tanturian*, who once a Week came to read the News-Papers at the Coffee-houſe, where *Pompey* lived. A Dog of any Talents for Humour could not help being diverted with his Appearance, and our Hero found great Pleaſure in playing him Tricks, in which he was ſecretly encouraged by every Body in the Coffee-room. At firſt indeed, he never ſaw him without barking at him, as at a Monſter juſt dropped out of the Moon; but when Time had a little reconciled him to his Figure, he entertained the Company every Time he came, with ſome new Prank, at the Counſellor's Expence. Once he ran away with his Spectacles; at another Time, he laid violent Teeth on his Shirt, which hung out of his Breeches, and ſhook it, to the great Diverſion of all Beholders: But what occaſioned more Laughter than any Thing, was a Trick that follows.

TANTURIAN had been tempted one Day, by two old Acquaintance, to indulge his Genius at a Tavern; where he complained highly of the Expenſiveneſs of the Dinner, though it conſiſted

only

only of a Beef-ſteak and two Fowls. That nothing might be loſt, he took an Opportunity, unobſerved by the Company, to ſlip the Leg of a Pullet into his Pocket; intending to carry it home for his Supper at Night. In his Way he called at the Coffee-houſe, and little *Pompey* playing about him as uſual, unfortunately happened to ſcent the Proviſion in the Counſeller's Pocket. *Tanturian*, mean Time, was deeply engaged in his News-Paper, and *Pompey* getting ſlily behind him, thruſt his Head into the Pocket, and boldly ſeizing the Spoils, diſplayed them in Triumph to the Sight of the whole Room. The poor Counſellor could not ſtand the Laugh, but retired home in a melancholy Mood, vexed at the Diſcovery, and more vexed at the Loſs of his Supper.

But theſe Diverſions were ſoon interrupted by a moſt unlucky Accident, and our Hero, unfortunate as he has hitherto been, is now going to ſuffer a Turn of Fate more grievous than any he yet has known. Following the Maid one Evening into the Streets, he unluckily miſſed her at the Turning of an Alley, and happening to take a wrong Way, prowled out of his Knowledge before he was aware. He wandered about the Streets for many Hours, in vain endeavouring to explore his Way Home; in which Diſtreſs, his Memory brought back the cruel Chance that had ſeparated him from his beſt Miſtreſs Lady *Tempeſt*, and this Reflection aggravated his Miſery beyond Diſcription. At laſt, a Watchman picked him up, and carried him to the Watch-houſe. There he ſpent his Night in all the Agonies of Horror and Deſpair. 'How

'deplorable

'deplorable, thought he is my Condition, and
'what is Fortune preparing to do with me?
'Have I not already gone through Scenes of
'Wretchedneſs enough, and muſt I again be
'turned a drift to the Mercy of Fate? What
'unrelenting Tyrant ſhall next be my Maſter?
'Or what future Oyſter-woman ſhall next tor-
'ture me with her Careſſes? Cruel, cruel For-
'tune! when will thy Perſecutions end?

CHAP. XIII.

A ſhort Chapter, containing all the Wit, and all the Spirit, and all the Pleaſure of modern young Gentlemen.

AS he was thus abandoning himſelf to Lamentation and Deſpair, ſome other Watchmen brought in two freſh Priſoners to bear him Company in his Confinement, who, I am ſorry to ſay it, were two young Lords. They were extremely diſordered, both in their Dreſs, and their Underſtanding; and Champaigne was not the only Enemy they had encountered that Evening. One of them had loſt his Coat and Waiſt coat; the other his Bag and Peruke, all but a little circular Lock of Hair, which grew to his Forehead, and now hanging over his Eyes, added not a little to the Drollery of his Figure.

THE

THE generous God of the Grape had caſt ſuch a Miſt over their Underſtandings, that they were inſenſible at firſt of the Place they were promoted to; but at length, one of them a little recovering his Wits, cried out, 'What the Devil Place is 'this? A Bawdy-houſe, or a Preſbyterian Meet-'ing houſe?' 'Neither, Sir, anſwered a Watch-'man, but the Round-houſe.' 'O P——x, ſaid 'his Lordſhip, I thought you had been a diſſenting 'Parſon, old Grey-beard, and was going to preach 'againſt Wh--ring, for you muſt know, old Fel-'low, I am confoundedly *in for it*——But what 'Privilege have you, Sir, to carry a Man of Ho-'nour to the Round-houſe?' 'Ay, ſaid the other, 'what Right has ſuch an old Fornicator as thou 'art, to interrupt the Pleaſures of Men of Quali-'ty? May not a Nobleman get drunk, without 'being diſturbed by a Pack of Raſcals in the 'Streets?' 'Gentlemen, anſwered the Watch, 'we are no Raſcals, but Servants of His Majeſty 'King *George*, and His Majeſty requires us to take 'up all People that commit diſorderly Riots in His 'Majeſty's Streets.' 'You lye, you Scoundrels, 'ſaid one of their Lordſhips, 'tis the Prerogative 'of Men of Faſhion to do what they pleaſe, and 'I'll proſecute you for a Breach of Privilege—D—n 'you, my Lord, I'll hold you Fifty Pound, that 'old Prig there, in the great Coat, is a Cuckold, 'and he ſhall be Judge himſelf.—'How many Eyes 'has your Wife got, old Fellow? one or two?' 'Well, well, ſaid the Watchman, your Honours 'may abuſe us as much as you pleaſe; but we 'know we are doing our Duty, and we will per-'form it in the King's Name.' Your Duty, you 'Raſcal, cried one of theſe Men of Honour, is 'immediately to fetch us a Girl, and a Dozen of 'Champagne; if you'll perform that, I'll ſay you 'are as honeſt an old Son of a Whore, as ever 'lay with an Oyſter-woman. My dear *Fanny!*

'if I had but you here, and a Dozen of *Ryan's*
'Claret, I ſhould eſteem this Round-houſe a Pa-
'lace—Curſe me, if I don't love to ſleep in a
'Round-houſe ſometimes; it gives a Variety to
'Life, and relieves one from the Inſipidneſs of a
'ſoft Bed.' 'Well-ſaid, my Hero, anſwered his
'Companion, and theſe old Scoundrels ſhall car-
'ry us before my Lord Mayor To-morrow, for
'the Humour of the Thing. Pox take him, I
'buy all my Tallow-candles of his Lordſhip,
'and therefore I am ſure he'll uſe me like a Man
'of Honour.'

IN ſuch kind of gay modiſh Converſation did theſe illuſtrious Perſons conſume their Night, and principally in laying Wagers, which at preſent is the higheſt Article of modern Pleaſure. Every Particular of human Life is reduced by the great Calculators of Chances to the Condition of a *Bet*; but nothing is eſteemed a more laudable Topic of *Wagering*, than the Lives of eminent Men; which, in the elegant Language of *New-market*, is called *running Lives*; that is to ſay, a Biſhop againſt an Alderman, a Judge againſt a Keeper of a Tavern, a Member of Parliament againſt a famous Boxer; and in this Manner all People's Lives are wager'd out, with proper Allowances for their Ages, Infirmities, and Diſtempers. Happy the Nation that can produce ſuch ingenious, accompliſhed Spirits!

THESE two honourable Peers had been ſpending their Evening at a Tavern, with many others, and when the rational Particle was thoroughly drowned in Claret, one of the Company leaping from his Chair, cried out, *Who will do any Thing?* upon which, a Reſolution was immediately taken, to make a Sally into the Streets, and drink Champagne upon the Horſe at *Charing-Croſs*. This was no ſooner projected than executed, and they performed a great Number of heroical Exploits,

ploits, too long to be mentioned in this Work, but we hope ſome future Hiſtorian will ariſe to immortalize them for the ſake of Poſterity. After this was over, they reſolved to ſcour the Streets, and perceiving a Light in a Cellar under Ground, our two Heroes magnanimouſly deſcended into that ſubterranean Cave, in queſt of Adventures. There they found ſome Hackney Coachmen enjoying themſelves with Porter and Tobacco, whom they immediately attacked, and offered to box the two ſturdieſt Champions of the Company. The Challenge was accepted in a Moment, and whilſt our Heroes were engaged, the reſt of the Coachmen choſe to make off with their Cloaths, which they thought no inconſiderable Booty. In ſhort, theſe Gentlemen of Pleaſure and High-life were heartily drubbed, and obliged to retreat with Shame from the *Cellar of Battle*, leaving their Cloaths behind them, as Spoils, at the Mercy of the Enemy. Soon afterwards, they were taken by the Watch, being too feeble to make Reſiſtance, and conducted to the Round-houſe; where they ſpent their Night in the Manner already deſcribed. The next Morning, they returned Home in Chairs, new-dreſſed themſelves, and then took their Seats in Parliament, to enact Laws for the Good of their Country.

CHAP. XIV.

Our Hero falls into great Misfortunes.

WHEN the Watchman had diſcharged himſelf in the Morning of theſe honourable Priſoners, he next bethought himſelf of little *Pompey*, who had fallen into his Hands in a more inoffenſive manner. Him he preſented that Day to a blind Beggar of his Acquaintance, who had late-

ly loſt his Dog, and wanted a new Guide to conduct him about the Streets. Here *Pompey* again fell into the moſt deſponding Meditations. ‘ And ‘ was this Miſery, thought he, reſerved in ſtore to ‘ compleat the Series of my Misfortunes? Am I ‘ deſtined to lead about the dark Footſteps of a ‘ blind, decrepit, unworthy Beggar? Muſt I go ‘ daggled tho’ the Streets with a Rope about my ‘ Neck, linking me to a Wretch that is the Scorn ‘ of human Nature? O that a Rope were fixed ‘ about my Neck indeed for a nobler Purpoſe, and ‘ that I were here to end a dreadful, tormenting ‘ Exiſtence! Can I bear to hear the Sound of, ‘ *Pray remember the poor blind Beggar?* I who ‘ have converſed with Lords and Ladies; who ‘ have ſlept in the Arms of the faireſt Beauties, ‘ and lived on the choiceſt Dainties this habitable ‘ Globe can afford! Cruel, cruel Fortune! when ‘ will thy Perſecutions end?’

But when the firſt Emotions of his Grief were a little calmed, he began to call in the Aids of Philoſophy; the many uſeful Leſſons he had learnt from the ſage *Mopſa*, inſpired him with Reſolution; and he fortified himſelf beſides, with remembring a Speech in *King Lear*, which he had formerly heard at *Drury-Lane* Play houſe.——

To be worſt,
The loweſt, moſt dejected thing of Fortune,
Stands ſtill in Eſperance, lives not in Fear:
The lamentable Change is from the beſt,
The worſt returns to Laughter. Welcome then
Thou unſubſtantial Air, which I embrace;
The Wretch, that thou haſt blown unto the worſt,
Owes nothing to thy Blaſts.

To ſay the Truth, his Condition was not ſo deplorable upon Trial, as it appeared in Proſpect:

For

For tho' he was condemned to travel thro' dirty Streets all Day long in queſt of Charity, yet at Night, both he and his Maſter fared ſumptuouſly enough on their Gains; and many a lean Projector, or ſtarving Poet might envy the Suppers of this blind Beggar. He ſeldom failed to collect four Shillings a Day, and uſed to ſit down to his hot Meals with as much Statelineſs, as a Peer could do to a regular Entertainment and Deſſert.

THERE is a Story I have often heard of a crippled Beggar, who uſed conſtantly to apply for Alms at *Hyde-Park* Corner; where a Gentleman, who was then juſt recovered from a dangerous Fit of Illneſs, never failed to give him Six-pence every Morning, as he paſſed by in his Chariot for the Air. A Servant of this Gentleman's going by chance one Day into an Alehouſe, diſcovered this ſame Beggar ſitting down to a Breaſt of Veal with ſome more of the Fraternity, and heard him raving at the Landlord, becauſe the Bur was gone, and he had no Lemon ready to ſqueeze over it; adding many Threats of leaving the Houſe, if their Dinners were not ſerved up for the future with more Regularity and Reſpect. The Servant informed his Maſter of this extraordinary Circumſtance, and next Morning when the pampered Hypocrite applied for his Charity as uſual, in the old lamentable Voice, the Gentleman put his Head out of the Chariot, and told him, with a Sarcaſm, *No, Sir, I can eat Veal without Lemon.*

THE Reader, I hope, will be contented to paſs over many of the Miſeries which *Pompey* ſuffered in this wretched Service; for as we have a great Regard for his Memory, we cannot be ſuppoſed to dwell with any Pleaſure on his Misfortunes. After he had lived ſome Months in *London*, his blind Maſter ſet out for *Bath*; whither he always reſorted in the public Seaſons; not for the ſake of playing at

EO, it may be imagined, nor yet for the Pleasure of being taken out by the accomplish'd Mr. *N ſh*, to dance a Minuet at a Ball; but with the hopes of a plentiful Harveſt among infirm People, whom Ill-health diſpoſes to Charity. The Science of Begging is reduced to certain Principles of Art, as well as all other Profeſſions; and as Sickneſs is generally a Motive to Compaſſion, the Objects of Charity flock thither in great Numbers; for where-ever the Carrion is, there will the Crows be alſo.

THE many Adventures that befel them on their Journey, and at the *Bath*; how terribly our Hero was fatigued with travelling thro' miry Highways, who had been uſed to ride in Coaches-and-Six; and how often he wiſhed his blind Tyrant would drop dead with an Apoplexy, ſhall all be left to the Reader's Imagination. Suffice it to ſay, that on their return back, Fortune gave him his Wiſhes. His Maſter fell ſick at a publick Inn on the Road, and died miſerably in a Stable, leaving *Pompey* at the Diſpoſal of Chance.

WHAT future Scenes of Good or Evil, are next to open upon him, Fate does not yet chuſe to divulge; and therefore deſiring our Reader to ſuſpend his Curioſity till we have received a proper Commiſſion for ſatisfying it, we here put an End to this firſt Book of our wonderful Hiſtory.

End of the FIRST BOOK.

THE HISTORY OF POMPEY *the* LITTLE.

BOOK II.

CHAP I.

A Dissertation upon Nothing.

THAT great Master of human Nature, the ingenious Author of *Tom Jones*, who justly styles himself King of *Biographers*, published an Edict in his last Work, declaring, that no Person hereafter should presume to write a Novel, without prefixing a prefatory Chapter to every Book, under the Penalty of being deemed a Block-head. This introductory Chapter, he says, is the best Mark of Genius, and surest Criterion of an Author's Parts; for by it the most indifferent Reader may be enabled to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of Writing, from what is false and counterfeit: And he supposes the Authors of the *Spectators* were induced to prefix *Latin* and *Greek* Mottos to every Paper, from the same Consideration of guarding against the Pursuit of Scribblers; because by this Device it became impracticable for

any Man to presume to imitate the *Spectators*, without understanding at least one Sentence in the learned Languages.

IN compliance therefore with the Edict of this royal *Biographer*, I shall beg Leave, in the Entrance of this second Book of our History, to detain the Reader with an introductory Chapter upon *Nothing*; being the most proper Subject I can recollect at present for such an initial Section; which I hope will testify my Loyalty to the great Lawgiver abovementioned, and also dispose the Reader to a favourable Opinion of my historic Abilities.

I DO not recollect any Writer before myself, excepting the great Lord *Rochester*, who has professedly treated this abstruse, learned and comprehensive Subject; which is something wonderful, considering the great Number of Penmen, whose Works shew them to have been excellently qualified for it. But though none have treated it professedly, many and various have indirectly handled it in all Branches of Science, and in all human Probability will continue to do so to the End of the World. For though neither Poet, Philosopher, Divine, or Lawyer have ever been courageous enough to declare the Subject they were writing upon; yet Poems, Systems of Philosophy, Bodies of Divinity, and huge Reports of Law have in all Ages swelled themselves to the greatest Bulk upon *Nothing*.

NOT to recur to those venerable Tomes of Antiquity, which have been delivered down to us from the peaceful Ages of monkish Darkness, modern Examples present themselves in great Abundance to our Choice. What is contained in all the Treatises of Mr. *William Wh——n* on the Trinity? Nothing. What is contained in the mighty and voluminous Epic Poems of Sir *Richard Blackmore*, Knight? absolute Nothing. What again can be

collected

collected from that universal Maze of Words, called the Universal History of all Nations, Languages, Customs, Manners, Empires, Governments, Men, Monsters, Land-Fights, Sea-Fights, and a Million more of inexhaustible Topics? What, I say, can be comprehended in the tedious Pages of that ostentatious History? every Reader will be ready to answer, Nothing. The Works of *Dennis*, *Des-cartes*, Lord *Sh—f—ry*, and the mighty Mr. *W—rb—n*, all treat of the same immortal Subject, however the ingenious Authors, out of pure Modesty, may have been contented to let them pass under the fictitious Names of Plays, Systems of Philosophy, miscellaneous Reflections, and Divine Legations.

THAT Nothing can arise out of Nothing, *ex nihilo nil fieri*, has long reigned an uncontroverted Maxim of Philosophy, and been a first Principle of the Schools: But Novelty, and a modish Love of Paradox carry me to endeavour its Confutation; and this I hope to do on the general Testimony and verbal Confession of all Mankind.

FOR let us attend carefully to what passes around us, and we shall find *Nothing* to have the greatest Sway in all human Actions. Does any one ask his Friend or a Stranger, *What is the News at Court to Day?* he receives constantly and universally for answer, *Nothing*, *Sir*,—*What was done yesterday in the House?* Nothing at all, Sir,—*Any News in the City, or upon Change?* Nothing in the world—*Are our Armies in Motion, and have they atchieved any thing lately against the Enemy?* Nothing in nature, Sir, is the sure and invariable Answer, which may for ever be expected to all Questions of this kind. Yet notwithstanding this universal Declaration, if we look abroad, and trust rather to the Information of our Eyes than our Ears, we shall really find a great deal done in the

World, conſidering how People have been employed, and that Mankind are by no means idle, tho' they are always *doing Nothing*.

LET us firſt caſt our Eyes upon the Court, where tho' Nothing is ſaid to be done, every thing is in reality performed. There we ſee Feuds, Animoſities, Diviſions, Jealouſies, Revolutions, and Re-revolutions; Miniſters depoſed and again reſtored; Peace and War decreed, contending Nations reconciled, and the Intereſts of *Europe* adjuſted. Yet all this is Nothing.

FROM the Court let us turn to the Change and City, and there alſo admire the infinite Productions of *Nothing*. There we ſee Avarice, Uſury, Extortion, Back-biting, Fraud, Hypocriſy, Stock-jobbing, and every Evil that can ariſe from the Circulation of Money. Thouſands were there ruined Yeſterday, thouſands are ruining To-day, and thouſands will be ruined To-morrow: Yet all this *is Nothing*.

AGAIN, let us take a ſecond Survey of it, and we ſhall ſee little Politicians hatching Scandal againſt the Government, and propagating malicious Stories, which they know to be falſe: We ſhall ſee Lies circulating from Coffee-houſe to Coffee-houſe, and gathering additional Strength in every Minute of their Conveyance: We ſhall ſee the turbulent Offſpring of Wealth, reſtleſs in Peace, and diſſatisfied in War; compelling their Sovereign to take up Arms in one Year, and almoſt wreſting them from his Hands in another: Yet all this is Nothing.

ONCE more let us direct our Views to the Camp, and there again admire the Productions of *Nothing*. For tho' Nothing was ſaid to be done during the late War, and the little Politicians above-mentioned took a Pleaſure to talk of the Inactivity of our Armies, yet in reality every thing

was

was performed, that could reaſonably be expected from them. 'Tis true, they did not over-run the Kingdom of *France*, beſiege its Capital, and take its King Priſoner; all which I believe many People thought eaſy and practicable; but they kept the moſt numerous Armies of the moſt formidable Monarchy in *Europe* at bay, and often contended hard with them for the Victory, in ſpite of the Treachery of Allies, and the almoſt infinite Superiority of their Enemies. If any body chuſes to call this Nothing, he has my full Conſent, becauſe it confirms the Doctrine I want to eſtabliſh, that Nothing produces every Thing.

LASTLY, let us examine what paſſes in private Life, and that will likewiſe furniſh us with the ſame Reflections. Do not Quarrels of all ſorts ariſe from Nothing? Do not matrimonial Jealouſies ſpring from Nothing? What occaſions Law-Suits, Diſſentions among Neighbours, improbable Suſpicions, ill-founded Conjectures, and the like? What is it that fills the Brains of Projectors, exerciſes the Fancy of Poets, employs the Machinations of Women, and draws the Swords of young coxcomb Officers in the Army, when they are ſtrutting with the firſt Raptures of ſudden Elevation? To all theſe Interrogations we may anſwer, *Nothing*. And not to multiply foreign Examples, what is it that I am now writing? undoubtedly the Reader will eſteem it Nothing. In ſhort, whatever we ſee around us,

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, diſcurſus.

All theſe are the genuine Productions of Nothing.

I WOULD therefore humbly recommend it to the Conſideration of the two great Seminaries of

Oxford

Oxford and *Cambridge*, whether their Wisdoms shall not think fit to make an Alteration in that old erroneous Maxim of *Ex nihilo nil fit*, and say rather *Ex nihilo omnia fiunt*; which I take to be more consistent with Truth and the Reality of Things.

HAVING thus discharged the Duty imposed upon me, of writing an introductory Chapter, I hope I am now at liberty to pursue the Fortunes of my Hero, without incurring the grievous Imputation of Dullness, denounced on all those, who shall disobey the royal Edict issued out for that Purpose.

CHAP. II.

Fortune grows favourable to our Hero, and restores him to High-life.

THE blind Beggar, to whose Tyranny Fortune had committed our Hero, groaned out his Soul, as the Reader has already seen, in a Stable at a public Inn. *Pompey*, standing by, had the *Pleasure of seeing the Tyrant fall as he deserved*, and exulted over him, like *Cicero* in the Senate-house over the dying *Cæsar*. An Ostler, who first discovered the Misfortune, ran with Horror in his Countenance to tell his Mistress: but the good Woman was not immediately at leisure to hear his Intelligence, being taken up in her Civilities to a Coach-and-Six, which was just then arrived, and very busy in conducting the Ladies to their Apartments. However, when Dinner was over, she bethought herself of what had happened, and went into the Stable, attended by two of her Chamber-maids, to survey the Corpse, and give Orders for its Burial. There little *Pompey*, for the first Time, presented himself to her View; but

but Sorrow and Ill-uſage had ſo impaired his Beauty, and his Coat too was in ſuch a Diſhabille of Dirt and Mire, that he beſpake no favourable Opinion in his Beholders. We muſt not therefore think Mrs. *Wilkins* of a cruel Nature, becauſe ſhe ordered him to be hanged, for, in reality, ſhe is a very humane and friendly Woman; but perceiving no Beauty in the Dog to incline her to Compaſſion, and concluding him to be a Thief, from the Company he was found with, it was natural for her to ſhew him no Mercy. A Conſultation therefore was held in the Yard, and Sentence of Death pronounced upon him; which had been executed as ſoon as commanded (for the Oſtler was inſtantly preparing a Rope with great Delight) had not one of the Chamber-maids interpoſed, ſaying, *She believed he was a ſweet pretty Creature, if he was waſhed,* and deſired her Miſtreſs to ſave him. A word of this Kind was enough to Mrs. *Wilkins*, who immediately granted him a Reprieve, and ordered him into the Kitchen for a Turn-ſpit. But when he had gone thro' the Ceremony of Luſtration, and was thoroughly cleaned, every Body was ſtruck with his Beauty, and Mrs. *Wilkins* in particular; who now changed her Reſolutions, and, inſtead of condemning him to the Drudgery of a Turn-ſpit, made him her Companion, and taught him to follow her about the Houſe. He ſoon grew to be a Favourite with the whole Family, as indeed he always was wherever he came; and the Chamber-maids uſed to quarrel with one another, who ſhould take him to their Beds at Night. He likewiſe got acquainted with *Captain*, the great Houſe-dog, who, like *Cerberus*, terrified the Regions round-about with his Barking: yet would he often condeſcend to be pleaſed with the Frolicks of little *Pompey*, and vouchſafe now and then to unbend his Majeſty with a Game of Play.

AFTER he had lived here near a Fortnight, a Poſt-chaiſe ſtopt one Day at the Door, out of which alighted two Ladies, juſt arrived from the *Bath*. They ran directly to the Fire, declaring they were almoſt frozen to Death with Cold; whereupon Mrs. *Wilkins* began to thunder for Wood, and aſſiſted in making up an excellent Fire: After which, ſhe begged the Favour to know what their Ladyſhips would pleaſe to have for Dinner. 'If you pleaſe, Madam, ſaid the 'Eldeſt, I'll look into your Lardery.' 'With 'all my Heart, Madam, anſwered the good 'Landlady; I have Fiſh and Fowls of all Kind, 'and Rabbets and Hares, and Variety of Butcher's 'Meat——but your Ladyſhip ſays you will be ſo 'good to accommodate yourſelf on the Spot—— 'I am ready to attend your Ladyſhip, whenever 'your Ladyſhip pleaſes.'

WHILE the Eldeſt was gone to examine the Ladery, the Youngeſt of theſe Ladies, having ſeized little *Pompey*, who followed his Miſtreſs into the Room, was infinitely charmed with its Beauty, and careſſed him during the whole Time of her Siſter's Abſence. *Pompey*, in return, ſeemed pleaſed to be taken Notice of by ſo fair a Lady; for tho' he had long been diſuſed to the Company of People of Faſhion, he had not yet forgot how to behave himſelf with Complaiſance and Good-manners. He felt a kind of Pride returning, which all his Misfortunes had not been able to extinguiſh, and began to hope the Time was come, which ſhould reſtore him to the Beau-monde. With theſe Hopes he continued in the Room all the Time the Ladies were at Dinner, paying great Court to them both, and receiving what they were pleaſed to beſtow upon him with much Fawning, and officious Civility.

As

As ſoon as the Ladies had dined, Mrs. *Wilkins* came in to make her Compliments, as uſual, hoping the Dinner was dreſſed to their Ladyſhips Minds, and that the Journey had not deſtroyed their Appetites. She received very courteous Anſwers to all ſhe ſaid, and after ſome other Converſation on indifferent Topics, little *Pompey* came at laſt upon the Carpet. 'Pray Madam, ſaid the 'youngeſt of the Ladies, how long have you had 'this very pretty Dog?' Mrs. *Wilkins*, who never was deficient, when ſhe had an Opportunity of talking, having ſtarted ſo fair a Subject, began to diſplay her Eloquence in the following Manner. 'Madam, ſays ſhe, the little Creature fell into my 'Hands by the ſtrangeſt Accident in Life, and it 'is a Mercy he was not hanged——An old blind 'Beggar, Ladies, died in my Stable about a Fort-'night ago, and it ſeems, this little Animal uſed 'to lead him about the Country. 'Tis amazing 'how they come by the Inſtinct they have in them '--- and ſuch a little Creature too——But as I 'was telling you, Ladies, the old blind Beggar 'was juſt returning from *Bath*, as your Ladyſhips 'may be now, and the poor miſerable Wretch 'periſhed in my Stable. There he left this little 'Dog, and, Will you believe it, Ladies? As I 'am alive, I ordered him to be hanged, not once 'dreaming he was ſuch a Beauty; for indeed he 'was quite covered over with Mire and Naſti-'neſs, as to be ſure he could not be otherwiſe, 'after leading the old blind Man ſo long a Jour-'ney; but a Maid-ſervant of mine took a Fan-'cy to the little Wretch, and begged his Life; 'and would you think it, Ladies? I am now 'grown as fond of the little Fool, as if he was 'my own Child.'

THE two Siſters, diverted with Mrs. *Wilkins*'s Oration, could not help ſmiling on one another; but

but diſguiſing their Laughter as well as they could, 'I do not wonder, ſaid the youngeſt, at your 'Fondneſs for him, Madam! he is ſo remarkably 'handſome; and that being the Caſe, I can't find 'it in my Heart to rob you of him, otherwiſe I 'was juſt going to aſk if you ſhould be willing to 'part with him.' 'Bleſs me, Madam, ſaid the 'obliging Hoſteſs, I am ſure there is nothing I 'would not do to oblige your Ladyſhip, and if 'your Ladyſhip has ſuch an Affection for the lit-'tle Wretch—Not part with him indeed!' 'Nay, 'Madam, ſaid the Lady, interrupting her, I would 'willingly make you any Amends, and if you will 'pleaſe to name your Price, I'll purchaſe him of 'you.' 'Alack-a-day, Madam, replied the Land-'lady, I am ſorry your Ladyſhip ſuſpects me to 'be of ſuch a mercenary Diſpoſition; purchaſe 'him indeed! he is extremely at your Ladyſhip's 'Service, if you pleaſe to accept of him.'—— With theſe Words ſhe took him up, and deli-vered him into the Lady's Arms, who received him with many Acknowledgements of the Favour done her; all which Mrs. *Wilkins* repaid with a-bundant Intereſt.

WORD was now brought, that the Chaiſe was ready, and waited at the Door; whereupon, the two Ladies were obliged to break off their Con-verſation, and Mrs. *Wilkins* to reſtrain her Elo-quence. She attended them, with a Million of civil Speeches, to their Equipage, and handing lit-tle *Pompey* to them, when they were ſeated in it, took her Leave with a great Profuſion of Smiles and Curtſies. The Poſtilion blew his Horn; the Ladies bowed; and our Hero's Heart exulted with Tranſport, to think of the Amendment of his Fate.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

A long Chapter of Characters.

THE Poſt chaiſe ſtopped in a genteel Street in *London*, and *Pompey* was introduced into decent Lodgings, where every Thing had an Air of Politeneſs, yet nothing was expenſive. The Rooms were hung with *Indian* Paper; the Beds were *Chineſe*; and the whole Furniture ſeemed to ſhew how elegant Simplicity can be under the Direction of Taſte. Tea was immediately ordered, and the two Ladies ſat down to refreſh themſelves after the Fatigue of their Journey, and began to talk over the Adventures they had met with at the *Bath*. They remembered many agreeable Incidents, which had happened in that great Rendezvous of Pleaſure, and ventured to laugh at ſome Follies of their Acquaintance, without Severity, or Ill-nature.

THESE two Ladies were born of a good Family, and had received a genteel Education. Their Father indeed left them no more than Six Thouſand Pounds each; but as they united their Fortunes, and managed their Affairs with Frugality, they made a creditable Figure in the World, and lived in Intimacy with People of the greateſt Faſhion. It will be neceſſary, for the ſake of Diſtinction, to give them Names, and the Reader, if he pleaſes, may call them *Theodoſia* and *Aurora*.

THEODOSIA, the eldeſt, was advancing towards Forty, an Age when perſonal Charms begin to fade, and Women grow indifferent at leaſt, who have nothing better to ſupply the Place of them. But *Theodoſia* was largely poſſeſſed of all thoſe good Qualities, which render Women agreeable without Beauty: She was affable and eaſy in her Behaviour;

Behaviour; well bred without Falſhood; chearful without Levity; polite and obliging to her Friends, civil and generous to her Domeſtics. Nature had given her a good Temper, and Education had made it an agreeable one. She had lived much in the World, without growing vain or inſolent; improved her Underſtanding by Books, without any Affectation of Wit or Science, and loved public Places, without being a Slave to Pleaſure. Her Converſation was always engaging, and often entertaining. Her long Commerce with the World had ſupplied her with a Fund of diverting Remarks on Life, and her good Senſe enabled her to deliver them with Grace and Propriety.

AURORA, the youngeſt Siſter, was in her Four and Twentieth Year, and Imagination cannot poſſibly form a finer Figure than ſhe was, in every Reſpect. Her Beauty, now in its higheſt Luſtre, gave that full Satisfaction to the Eye, which younger Charms rarely inſpire. She was tall and full-formed, but with the utmoſt Elegance and Symmetry in all her Limbs; and a certain Majeſty, which reſulted from her Shape, was accompanied with a moſt peculiar Sweetneſs of Face: For tho' ſhe had all the Charms, ſhe had none of the Inſolence of Beauty. As if theſe uncommon Perfections of Nature were not ſufficient to procure her Admirers enough, ſhe had added to them the moſt winning Accompliſhments of Art: She danced and ſung, and played like an Angel; her Voice naturally clear, full, and melodious, had been improved under the beſt *Italian* Maſters; and ſhe was ready to oblige People with her Muſic, on the ſlighteſt Intimation, that it would be agreeable, without any Airs of Shyneſs and unſeaſonable Modeſty. Indeed, Affectation never entered into any one of her Geſtures, and whatſoever ſhe did, was with that generous Freedom of Manner, which

denotes

denotes a good Understanding, as well as an honest Heart. Her Temper was chearful in the highest Degree, and she had a most uncommon Flow of Spirits and Good-humour, which seldom deserted her in any Place, or Company. At a Ball she was extremely joyous and spirited, and the Pleasure she gave to her Beholders, could only be exceeded by that unbounded Happiness with which she inspired her Partner. Yet tho' her Genius led her to be lively, and a little romantic, whoever conversed with her in private, admired her good Sense, and heard Reflexions from her, which plainly shewed she had often exercised her Understanding on the most serious Subjects.

A Woman so beautiful in her Person, and excellent in her Accomplishments, could not fail of attracting Lovers in great Abundance; and accordingly she had refused a Variety of Offers from People of all Characters, who could scarcely believe she was in earnest in rejecting them, because she accompanied her Refusals with unusual Politeness and Good humour. She did not grow vain, or insolent, from the Triumphs of her Beauty, nor long to spit in a Man's Face, because she could not approve his Addresses (which I believe is the Case with many young Ladies) but sweetened her Denials with great Civility, and always asked the Advice of her Sister, of whom she was passionately fond. Such was *Aurora*, the present Mistress of our Hero; and as the Characters of some of her Admirers may, perhaps, not be unentertaining, I will give a Description of two or three out of many.

And first, let us pay our Compliments to *Count Tag*, who had merited a Title by his Exploits; which perhaps is not the most usual Step to Honour, but always most respectable whenever it happens. 'Tis true, he had no Patent to shew for

his

his Nobility, which depended intirely on the *arbitrium popularis auræ*, the Fickleneſs of popular Applauſe; but he ſeems likely to enjoy it as long as he lives, there being no Probability of any Alteration in his Behaviour. His Father raiſed a Fortune by a Profeſſion, and from him he inherited a competent Eſtate of about three hundred Pounds *per annum*. His Education began at *Weſtminſter* School, and was finiſhed at *Oxford*; from whence he tranſported himſelf to *London*, on the News of his Father's Death, and made a bold Puſh, as it is called, to introduce himſelf *into life*. He had a ſtrong Ambition of becoming a fine Gentleman, and cultivating an Acquaintance with People of Faſhion, which he eſteemed the moſt conſummate Character attainable by Man, and to that he reſolved to dedicate his Days. As his firſt Eſſay therefore, he preſented himſelf every Evening in a Side-box at one of the Play-houſes, where he was ready to enter into Converſation with any body that would afford him an Audience, and was particularly aſſiduous in applying himſelf to young Noblemen and Men of Fortune, whom he had formerly known at School, or at the Univerſity. By degrees he got footing in two or three Families of Quality, where he was ſometimes invited to Dinner; and having learnt the faſhionable Topics of Diſcourſe, he ſtudied to make himſelf agreeable, by entertaining them with the current News of the Town. He had the firſt Intelligence of a Marriage or an Intrigue, knew to a Moment when the Breath went out of a Nobleman's Body, and publiſhed the Scandal of a Maſquerade, or a Ridotta, ſooner by half an Hour at leaſt, than any other public Talker in *London*. He had a copious Fluency of Language, which made him embelliſh every Subject he undertook, and a certain Art of Talking as minutely and circumſtantially on the

moſt

moſt trivial Subjects, as on thoſe of the higheſt Importance. He would deſcribe a Straw, or a Pimple on a Lady's Face, with all the Figures of Rhetoric; by which he perſuaded many People to believe him a Man of great Parts; and ſurely no Man's Impertinence ever turned to better Account. As he conſtantly attended *Bath* and *Tunbridge*, and all the public Places, he got eaſier Acceſs to the Tables of the Great, and by degrees inſinuated himſelf into all the Parties of the Ladies; among whom he began to be received as a conſiderable Genius, and quickly became neceſſary in all their Drums and Aſſemblies.

FINDING his Schemes thus ſucceed almoſt beyond his Hopes, he now aſſumed a higher Behaviour, and began to fancy himſelf a Man of Quality from the Company he kept. With this View he thought proper to forget all his old Acquaintance, whoſe low Geniuſſes left them groveling in Obſcurity, while his ſuperior Talents had raiſed him to a Familiarity with Lords and Ladies. If therefore any old Friend, preſuming on their former Intimacy, ventured to accoſt him in the Park, he made a formal Bow, and begged Pardon for leaving him; *but really, Lady* Betty, *or Lady* Mary *was juſt entering the Mall.* In ſhort, he always proportioned his Reſpect to the Rank and Fortunes of his Company; he would deſert a Commoner for a Lord, a Lord for an Earl, an Earl for a Marquiſs, and a Marquiſs for a Duke. Having thus enrolled himſelf in his own Imagination among the Nobility, it was not without Reaſon that People gave him the Style and Title of *Count Tag*, thinking it a Pity that ſuch a Genius ſhould be called by the ordinary Name of his Family.

THE ſecond Cavalier, who made his Addreſſes in the ſame Place, was an old Gentleman turned of Seventy, whoſe Chearfulneſs and Vivacity might

have tempted People to forget his Age, if he had not recalled it to their Remembrance, by unſeaſonable Attempts of Gallantry. The Paſſions of Youth are always ridiculous in old Age; and tho' many fine Women have ſacrificed their Charms to ſuperannuated Husbands, the Union is ſo unnatural, that we muſt ſuppoſe their Affections were fixed on Title or Eſtate, or ſomething elſe beſides the Perſons of their Lovers. This old Gentleman had led a Life of conſtant Gallantry almoſt from his Cradle, and now could not diveſt himſelf of the Paſſion of Love, tho' he was deſerted by the Abilities of it. He had already buried three Wives, and was ambitious of a fourth; tho' his Conſtitution was extremely ſhattered by Debauchery and high-living, and it ſeemed as if a Fit of Coughing would at any time have ſhook him to Pieces. Beſides this, he kept ſeveral Miſtreſſes, and all the Villages round his Country-ſeat were in a manner peopled with the Fruits of his ſtolen Embraces.

AT his firſt Entrance into Life, he was a younger Brother, and married an ugly old Woman of Fortune for the ſake of her Money, who quickly departed to his Wiſhes, and left him poſſeſſed of the only deſirable thing belonging to her. Soon afterwards, his elder Brother alſo went the ſame Road to Mortality, and left him Heir of three thouſand Pounds a Year; which enabled his Genius to diſplay itſelf, and ſupplied him with all the Eſſentials of Pleaſure. From this Moment he began his Career, and being a gay young Fellow, handſome in his Perſon, and genteel in his Addreſs, he reſolved to indulge himſelf in every Gratification that Money could purchaſe, or Luxury invent. He ſat up all Nights in Taverns, where he was the Wit and Genius of the Company; travelled and intrigued with Women of all Nations and Languages; made a Figure at the Gaming-Tables,

and

and was not ſilent in Parliament. In ſhort, whatever Character he undertook to appear in, he ſupported it always with a Spirit and Vivacity peculiar to himſelf. His Health of courſe received many Shocks from his diſſolute Courſe of Life, but he truſted to the Vigour of a good Conſtitution, and deſpiſed all the diſtant Conſequences of Pleaſure, as the dull Apprehenſions of Cowards in Luxury. As to Marriage, he reſolved never more to wear the Fetters of that Slavery, while his Paſſions had ſo free a Range in a way more agreeable to his Inclinations: But having a long while ſollicited a fine Woman of but ſlender Fortune to comply with his Deſires, and finding her deaf to any but honourable Offers, he was drawn in before he was aware, and married a ſecond time with no other view than to have the preſent Poſſeſſion of a Miſtreſs. Yet he diſcharged the matrimonial Duties for a time with tolerable Decency, and contrived to keep his Amours as ſecret from his Wife as poſſible. But the Eyes of Jealouſy could not long be deceived; and the Moment ſhe began to expoſtulate with him on his Behaviour, he grew more bare-faced in his Pleaſures, and leſs careful to conceal them from her Obſervation. The Lady, diſappointed in her Views of Happineſs, had Recourſe to the common Conſolation of Female Sorrows, and tried to drown them in Citron-Waters; which pernicious Cuſtom grew upon her ſo much by Habit and Indulgence, that ſhe often came down exceedingly diſordered to Dinner, and ſometimes was diſqualified from performing the Offices of her Table. This extremely piqued the Pride of her Huſband, who could not bear to ſee the Miſtreſs of his Family in ſuch diſgraceful Circumſtances, and began to wiſh her fairly in the other World. Enquiring how ſhe came ſupplied with theſe cordial Draughts of Sorrow, he found they

were

were ſecretly conveyed to her by a Mantua-maker, who attended her three or four times a Week, pretending to bring Caps and Gowns. This again piqued his Pride, to think ſhe ſhould expoſe her Foible to the Knowledge of her Inferiors, and reſolving to ſupply her Wiſhes at an eaſier Rate, he ordered his Butler to carry up a certain Number of Bottles every Week into her Dreſſing-Room. The Stratagem took Effect; and the good Lady having frequent Recourſe to the fatal Opiate, in a ſhort time bade Adieu to the World and all its Cares.

HE was now again left to the unreſtrained Indulgence of his Pleaſures; and had Miſtreſſes of all Characters, from the Woman of Quality down to the Farmer's Daughter and Milk-maid. But as he advanced in Years, a Fit of Dotage inſenſibly ſtole upon him; and in an unlucky Moment he married a vain ſpirited young Girl of twenty, who ſeemed born to puniſh him for his Sins. Full of herſelf and Family, ſhe took Poſſeſſion of his Houſe, with a certain conſcious Authority, and began to ſhew the Pleaſure ſhe found in Government and Sway. She regarded her Huſband only as an Object that was to give her Command of Servants, Equipage, and the like; and her Head was giddy with Notions of Domineering and Power. Her Inſolence ſoon became intolerable to a young Lady in the Family, Daughter of his former Wife, who could not endure to be governed by a Mother of her own Age, and therefore with great Spirit left her Father's Houſe. In ſhort, the old Gentleman himſelf began to curſe the Choice he had made, finding himſelf in a manner quite diſregarded by his accompliſhed Spouſe, whoſe Thoughts ran wholly after Drums, Aſſemblies, Operas, Maſquerades, Ridottos, and the like; all which ſhe purſued with the moſt ardent Aſſiduity,

and

and ſeldom could find one quarter of an Hour's leiſure to converſe with her Huſband. He found her beſides, more cold in her Conſtitution, and leſs ſenſible of his Embraces, than he had imagined; for indeed, ſhe was a Thing purely made up of Vanity, and provided ſhe *made a Figure in Life*, ſhe cared not who *enjoyed its Pleaſure*. The old Gentleman groan'd ſeverely under this Scourge of his Iniquities, and I queſtion whether he would not have died himſelf of pure Spite, had not his obliging Wife ſaved him that Neceſſity, by kindly dying in his ſtead. She caught cold one Night in *Vauxhall* Gardens, and after a ſhort Illneſs of a Week or ten Days, retired to the peaceable Manſions of her Predeceſſors.

One would think he ſhould now have been tired of Matrimonial Bleſſings; yet notwithſtanding the Ill-luck he had hitherto met with, notwithſtanding the natural Decay ariſing from his Age, and the acquired Infirmities of Intemperance, he was once more engaged in Courtſhip, and made one of the moſt gallant Admirers of *Aurora*.

She had many other Lovers, but I ſhall forbear the mention of them at preſent, to give a Deſcription of one, who was every way worthy of her Affections, and to whom, in Reality, ſhe had devoted her Heart. Neither *Count Tag*, nor the aged Gallant laſt deſcribed, had any Share in her Regard; for tho' ſhe received them with Civility, ſhe gave them little Encouragement to hope for Succeſs.

The fortunate Lover was a young Nobleman, about her own Age, who conducted himſelf by Rules ſo very different from the Generality of the Nobility, that it will be a kind of Juſtice to his Memory to preſerve his Character. He had an excellent Underſtanding, improved by competent

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Reading; and the moſt uncommon Uprightneſs of Heart, joined with the greateſt Candour and Benevolence of Temper. His Soul was paſſionately devoted to the Love of Truth, and he never ſpoke or acted but with the cleareſt Sincerity and Ingenuity of Mind. Falſhood of any Kind, even in the common Forms of Intercourſe and Civility, wherein Cuſtom licenſes ſome Degrees of Diſſimulation, he held to be a Crime; and if ever he made a Promiſe, there was not the leaſt Room to doubt of his performing it. Tho' he frequently mixed in Parties of Diverſion, made by other young Noblemen of his Acquaintance, yet he never joined in the Riots, that falſely challenge to themſelves the Name of Pleaſure, and ſuperior Enjoyment of Life. He did not ſpend his Mornings in Levity, or his Nights at a Gaming-table. Nor was he aſhamed of the Religion of his Country, or deterred from the Worſhip of his Maker, by the idle Sneers of Infidelity, and the ridiculous Laughter of profane Wits: but, on the contrary, gloried in the Profeſſion of Chriſtianity, and always reprimanded the wanton Sallies of thoſe, who tried to be witty at the Expence of their Conſcience. Added to theſe excellent Endowments, he had the greateſt filial Obedience to his Father, the ſincereſt Loyalty to his Prince, the trueſt Reſpect for his Relations, and the moſt charitable Liberality to all thoſe, whom Poverty, or Diſtreſs of any kind, recommended as Objects of Compaſſion. In ſhort, whoever has read Lord *Clarendon*'s celebrated Character of Lord Viſcount *Falkland*, cannot be at a Loſs to form an Idea of this amiable young Nobleman; who reſembled him exactly in the private ſocial Duties of Life; and we may conclude, he would have acted the ſame Part in publick,

publick, had he been engaged in similar Circumstances.

BEING inspired with a Passion for an agreeable Woman, he was neither ashamed to own it, nor yet did he use the ridiculous Elogiums, with which Coxcombs talk of their Mistresses, when their Imaginations are heated with Wine. He did not compare her to the *Venus of Medicis*, or run into any of those artificial Raptures, which are almost always counterfeited: But whenever he mentioned her Name, he spoke the Language of his Heart, and spoke of her always with a Manliness, that testified the Reality and Sincerity of his Passion. It was impossible for a Woman not to return the Affections of so deserving a Lover: *Aurora* was happy to be the Object of his Addresses, and met them with becoming Zeal.

CHAP. IV.

The Characters of the foregoing Chapter exemplified. An irreparable Misfortune befals our Hero.

THE two Sisters had lain longer abed than usual the Morning after their Arrival in Town, which was owing to the Fatigue of their Journey. They had but just finished their Breakfast by Twelve o'Clock; *Aurora* was then sitting down to her Harpsichord, and *Theodosia* reading the Play-bills for the Evening; when the Door opened, and *Count Tag* was ushered by a Servant into the Room.

WHEN the first Ceremonies were a little over, and the Count had expressed the *prodigious Satis-*

faction he felt in seeing them returned to Town; he began to enquire what kind of Season they had had at *Bath?* 'Why really, said *Theodosia*, a ve-'ry good one upon the whole; there were many 'agreeable People there, and all of them easy and 'sociable; which made our Time pass away 'chearfully and pleasantly enough.' 'You amaze 'me, cries the Count; Impossible, Madam! how 'can it be, Ladies?——I had Letters from Lord 'Monkeyman and Lady *Betty Scornful*, assuring 'me, that, except yourselves, there were not three 'human Creatures in the Place.—Let me see, I 'have Lady *Betty*'s Letter in my Pocket, I be-'lieve, at this Moment—Oh no, upon Recol-'lection, I put it this Morning into my Cabinet, 'where I preserve all my Letters of Quality.'

AURORA, smothering a Laugh as well as she could, said she was extremely obliged to Lord *Monkeyman* and Lady *Betty*, for vouchsafing to rank her and her Sister in the Catalogue of human Beings; 'But surely, added she, they must have 'been asleep both of them, when they wrote their 'Letters, for the *Bath* was extremely full." 'Full! 'cries the Count, interrupting her; Oh Madam, 'that is very possible, and yet there might be no 'Company——that is, none of us; No-body 'that one knows——for as to all the Tramon-'tanes that come by the cross Post, we never reck-'on them as any thing but Monsters in human 'Shape, that serve to fill up the Stage of Life, 'like Cyphers in a Play. For Instance, you of-'ten see an aukward Girl, who has sewed a Tail 'to a Gown, and pinned two Lappets to a Night-'cap, come running headlong into the Rooms 'with a wild frosty Face, as if she was just come 'from feeding Poultry in her Father's Chicken-'Yard——Or you see a Booby 'Squire, with a

'Head

'Head reſembling a Stone ball over a Gate-poſt.
'——Now it would be the moſt ridiculous Thing
'in Life, to call ſuch People Company. 'Tis the
'Want of Titles, and not the Want of Faces,
'that makes a Place empty; for if there is No-
'body one knows——if there are *none of us* in
'a Place, we eſteem all the reſt as Mob and
'Rabble.'

WHILE this imaginary Man of Quality was thus ſettling the Orders and Ranks of Life, the Door opened a ſecond Time, and a Servant introduced the amorous old Gentleman, whoſe Character was drawn in the foregoing Chapter. The Ceremonies that enſued on his Appearance interrupted the Count's Harangue, and fortunately gave the Converſation another Turn, before that pretty Gentleman had Time to finiſh his ingenious Diſſertation on polite Company.

OUR aged Gallant, putting on an unuſual Air of Gaiety, and buſtling himſelf up, as if his Soul intended to walk out of his Body, approached the two Ladies, and ſaluted them both——then ſitting down, and addreſſing himſelf to *Aurora*, told her, he ſhould for ever afterwards think the better of the *Bath* Waters, for ſending her back with ſuch a charming Bloom in her Complexion. 'Madam,
'added he, you out-do your uſual Outdoings: I
'proteſt you look more divinely than ever; and
'not contented with excelling all other People, I
'ſee you have taken a Reſolution at laſt, to excell
'yourſelf.' 'Sir, ſaid *Aurora* laughing, there is
'no Poſſibility of making any Reply to ſuch ex-
'travagant Compliments.——But I thought, Sir,
'you intended us the Favour of your Company at
'*Bath* this Seaſon.' 'Yes, Madam, anſwered
'he, I did ſo, but my d--mn'd ignorant Phyſici-
'ans would baniſh me to *Scarborough*, tho' I

'knew it was impoſſible for me to have my Health
'in any Place, at ſuch a Diſtance from your La-
'dyſhip. I proteſt, added he, you inſpire me
'with a Youthfulneſs, which I have not felt this
'Half-year in your Abſence.'

WHILE this ſuperannuated Man of Gallantry was thus affecting the Raptures and Fires of Youth, the Door opened a third Time, and the young Lord appeared, whoſe Character concluded the preceding Chapter. He approached the Ladies with a reſpectful Bow, and enquired tenderly concerning their Health, but addreſſed himſelf rather in a more particular manner to *Aurora*. Her Face immediately changed on his entering the Room, and a certain Air of affectionate Langour, took Poſſeſſion of her Features, which before were a little expreſſive of Scorn and Ridicule: in ſhort, ſhe received him with ſomething more than Complaiſance, and a Tone of Voice only calculated to convey the Sentiments of Love. The Converſation that enſued between them was eaſy, natural, and unaffected; and tho' ſometimes his Lordſhip's Eyes would ſtray involuntarily to *Aurora*, yet he ſtrove to direct his Diſcourſe indifferently to the two Siſters, and likewiſe to the other Gentlemen that were preſent: For the Delicacy of his Paſſion was unwilling to reveal itſelf in a mixed Company. So very differently did theſe three Lovers expreſs their Affection.

LITTLE *Pompey* was witneſs of many of theſe Interviews, and began to think himſelf happily ſituated for Life. He was a great Favourite with *Aurora*, who careſſed him with the fondeſt Tenderneſs, and permitted him to ſleep every Night in a Chair by her Bed-ſide. When ſhe awoke in a Morning, ſhe would embrace him with an Ardour

ſuperior to his Deſerts, and which the happieſt Lover might have envied: Our Hero's Vanity, perhaps, made him fancy himſelf the genuine Object of theſe Careſſes, but, in Reality, he was only the Repreſentative of a much nobler Object. In this manner he lived with his new Miſtreſſes the greateſt Part of a Winter, and might have ſtill continued in the ſame happy Situation, if he had not ruined himſelf by his own Imprudence, and defeated his own Happineſs by an unguarded Act of Folly.

AURORA had been dancing one Night at a Ridotto with her beloved Peer, and retired home late to her Lodgings, with that Vivacity in her Looks, and Tranſport in her Thoughts, which Love and Pleaſure always inſpire. Animated with delightful Preſages of future Happineſs, ſhe ſat herſelf down in a Chair, to recollect the Converſation that had paſſed between them. After this, ſhe went to bed and abandoned herſelf to the pureſt Slumbers. She ſlept longer than uſual the next morning, and it ſeemed as if ſome golden Dream was pictured in her Fancy; for her Cheek glowed with unuſual Beauty, and her Voice ſpontaneouſly pronounced, *My Lord, I am wholly yours.*——While her Imagination was preſenting her with theſe delicious Ideas, little *Pompey*, who heard the Sound, and thought ſhe over-ſlept herſelf, leaped eagerly upon the Bed, and waked her with his Barking. She darted a moſt enraged Look at him for interrupting her Dream, and could never be prevailed upon to ſee him afterwards; but diſpoſed of him the next Morning to her Milliner, who attended her with a new Head-dreſs.

THUS was he again removed to new Lodgings, and condemned to future Adventures.

CHAP. V.

Relating the Hiſtory of a Milliner.

THE fair Princeſs of Lace and Ribbands, who now took Poſſeſſion of our Hero, had gone thro' a great Variety of Fortunes before ſhe fell into her preſent Way of Life; ſome of which perhaps may be worth relating. She was originally Daughter of a Country Gentleman, who had lived, as it is called, *up to his Income*; by which Means he obtained the Character of a generous hoſpitable Man in his Neighbourhood, and died without making the leaſt Proviſion for his Family. His Widow ſoon afterwards married a wealthy Lawyer in a large Market town, who like a great Vulture prey'd at large over the Country, and ſuffered no other Attorney to thrive within the Regions of his Plunder. The Gentlemen round about made him Court-keeper general of their Eſtates; and the poor People flocked to him with a kind of ſuperſtitious Opinion, that he could model the Laws according to his Pleaſure. The Mayor and Aldermen too reſorted to him for Advice in all dubious Caſes, and he was a kind of petty Viceroy in the Town where he lived. Succeſs had made him inſolent and over-bearing, and when he flaunted thro' the Streets on a Market-day in his Night-gown, he looked prouder than a Grandee of *Spain*.

THE young Lady, who was now to call him Father-in-Law, was not at all pleaſed with her new Situation, thinking herſelf much degraded by her Mother's Marriage. When therefore the

Wives and Daughters of the Town came to visit her in their best Gowns, she received them very coldly, disdained to be present at any of their public Tea-drinkings, and always affected to confound their Names. She was as little pleased with the Company of her new Father, and excepting the small Time spent at Meals, used to lock herself up all the rest of the Day in a little Closet, to read *Cowley*'s Poems, and the History of *Pamela Andrews*. *Gripe* the Attorney soon observed and resented this Behaviour; and her Mother too, thinking it a Reflexion on the Choice she had made, began to take her roundly to Task about it. She told her, she wondered what she meant by giving herself such Airs, for she had no Fortune to support them: 'And pray, Madam, said 'she, what is your Birth, that you are so proud 'of, without Money?' To this the young Lady answer'd, 'that if some People could demean 'themselves, she saw no Reason why other Peo-'ple should be obliged to do the same; and for 'her Part, she found no Charms in the Compa-'ny of Tradesmen and stinking Shop-keepers.' Many Altercations of this kind happened between them, till at length her Mother fairly told her, that if she disliked her present Condition, she might e'en seek for a better wherever she could. It was not long before she followed this Advice, and married a young Officer, who was quartered in the Town, without consulting any body's Inclinations but her own. This was a fair Pretence for her Parents to get rid of her; they complained loudly of her Disobedience in not asking their Advice, represented her as a bold forward Hussy, and renounced all Correspondence with her for the future. The young Officer swaggered a little at first, talked much of his Honour, and threatned

to cane her Father in-law; but finding the Attorney despise his Menaces, he prudently suffered his Anger to cool, and proceeded no farther than Words.

THE Regiment, to which this Gentleman belonged, was soon afterwards ordered into *Flanders*; and as the young Couple were then in the Honeymoon of their Love, the Bride prevailed to make a Campaign with her Husband. He consented, and fixed her in Lodgings at *Brussels*; near to which City the Army was at that Time quartered. There she had Leisure to observe the Lace Manufacture, and learnt the first Rudiments of Millinery, which afterwards became her Profession. In a little Time the News of a Battle arrived, and with it a Piece of News more terrible to the Ears of the young Bride, that her Husband was among the Number of the slain. This broke all her Measures and Hopes of Life, and she was obliged to return into *England*, with scarce Money enough to pay for her Voyage, or maintain her on the Road. On her Arrival she began to consider, whether she should not proceed to her Mother, and endeavour to obtain a Reconciliation; but Pride soon banished that Thought; her high Spirit would not suffer her to sue for Pardon, and she resolved, as a better Expedient, to go to Service. Accordingly, she procured herself the Office of a Waiting-Gentlewoman, in an agreeable Family, but unluckily there was no Table for upper Servants, and her Pride could not endure to sit down to Dinner with Menials. Preferably to this she would dine upon a Plate of cold Victuals in her Bed-chamber; thus gratifying her Vanity at the Expence of her Appetite.

FROM this Place she removed to another more agreeable to her Wishes, where there was a separate Apartment for the higher Servants, and her own Dominion was pretty considerable. In this Family all was Pleasure. The Lady of it having a Husband she despised, filled his House with eternal Parties of Company, studied to be expensive, and seemed resolved to see the End of his Estate before she died, without regarding what became of her Children after her Death. The Husband himself was almost an Idiot, and could hardly be said to live, for he spent his Days chiefly in dozing, and constantly fell asleep in his Chair after Dinner. His Wife treated him always with the highest Superiority, would sometimes spit in his Face, sometimes fling his Wig into the Fire, and never scruple calling him Fool and Block-head before all Companies. This would now and then provoke him to mutter a surly Oath or two, but he had not Spirit or Courage to resent it in a proper manner. For her Part, she gave herself up to all the Luxuries of Life, and her House was a general Rendezvous of Pleasure, while her slumbring Spouse was considered both by herself and Servants as nothing better than a Cypher.

OUR Milliner having lived a few Years in this Family, in which Time she saved some Money, resolved now to execute a Project she had long been forming. She had always been a great Reader of Plays, Novels, Romances, and the like; and when she saw Tragedy-Queens sweeping the Stage with their Trains at the Play-house, her Imagination would be fired with Envy at the Sight: She longed to sit in a flowered Elbow-chair, surrounded with Guards and Attendants; and was quite wild to give herself Airs of High-

life

life in the ſuperior Parts of a Comedy. With theſe Hopes ſhe offered herſelf to the Stage, and was received by the Managers of *Drury-Lane*: But her Genius did not make ſo quick a Progreſs as ſhe imagined; her Ambition every Day was mortified with Refuſals; and tho' ſhe deſired only to play the Part of Lady *Townly*, as a Specimen at firſt, the ignorant Managers could not be brought to comply with her Sollicitations. In ſhort, ſhe trod the Stage near two Years without once wearing a Crown, or wielding a Scepter: The Parts alloted her, were always of the moſt trifling kind, and ſhe had little elſe to do, than to appear on the Stage as a Mute, to make up the Retinue of a Princeſs, or ſympathize in Silence with the Sorrows of a dying Heroine, by applying a white Handkerchief to her Eyes.

BUT tho' ſhe could not make a Fortune by her Genius, her Beauty was more ſucceſsful, and ſhe had the Luck to make a Conqueſt of one of thoſe pretty Gentlemen, who appear in laced Frocks behind the Scenes, or more properly on the middle of the Stage. He attended her in the Green-Room every Evening, and at laſt made her the Offer of a Settlement, if ſhe could be contented to ſacrifice her Ambition to Love. She was at firſt a little unwilling to leave the Theatre, where ſhe foreſaw ſuch Advantages from her Genius; but thinking her Merit not enough regarded, and deſpairing of better Treatment (for ſhe had not yet been permitted to play Lady *Townly*) ſhe reſigned herſelf to the Propoſals of her Gallant, and ſet out with him immediately for the Country. There they lived in Solitude and Retirement for a Year, and probably might have done longer, had not death ſpitefully interrupted their Amour, and ſnatched away the

fond

fond Keeper from the Arms of his theatrical Miſtreſs. In his Will ſhe found herſelf rewarded for her Conſtancy with a Legacy of ſeventy Pounds *per Annum*; with which ſhe returned to *London*, and ſet up a Milliner's Shop. She had a good Fancy at new Faſhions, and ſoon recommended herſelf to the Notice of the People of Quality; by which means in time ſhe became a Milliner of Vogue, and had the Art to raiſe a conſiderable Fortune from Lace and Ribbands. The beſt Part of her Houſe ſhe let out for Lodgings, reſerving to herſelf only a Shop, a Kitchen, and a little Parlour, which at Night ſerved for a Bed-chamber.

SUCH was *Pompey*'s preſent Miſtreſs, who now lived in great Eaſe and Comfort, after a Life of much Vexation and Diſappointment.

CHAP. VI.

Another Chapter of Characters.

ON the firſt Floor of this Houſe there lodged a Family, whoſe Characters, tho' pretty common in Life, I do not recollect to have found in any of the Novels or Romances, with which our Age abounds.

THE Head of it, Sir *Thomas Frippery*, had formerly enjoyed a little Poſt in Queen *Anne*'s Court, which entituled him to a Knighthood in Conſequence of his Office, tho' the Salary of it was inconſiderable, and his own Family-Eſtate very ſmall. At the Death of the Queen he loſt his Employment, and was obliged to retire into the Country; where

where he gave himſelf the Airs of a Miniſter of State, and amuſed his Country-Neighbours with ſuch Stories of Courts and Intrigues of Government, that he was eſteemed an Oracle of Politicks, and many of them were weak enough to believe from his Diſcourſe, that he had conſtituted a kind of Triumvirate with Lord *Oxford* and Lord *B.* in the Management of public Affairs. The ſame ridiculous Vanity purſued him thro' every Article of his Life, and tho' his Eſtate was known hardly to amount to Three hundred Pounds a Year, he laboured to perſuade People, that it exceeded as many Thouſands. For this Purpoſe, whatever he was obliged to do out of Frugality, he was ſure to put off with a Pretence of Taſte; and always maſk'd his Œconomy under ſome pretended Reaſon very remote from the Truth. For Inſtance, when he laid down his Coach, he boaſted every where how much better it was to hire Job-horſes, as Occaſion required, than to run the Hazard of Accidents by keeping them——that Coachmen were ſuch villainous Raſcals, it was impoſſible to put any Confidence in them——that going into dirty Stables to overlook their Management, and treading up to one's Knees in Horſe-dung was extremely diſagreeable to People of Faſhion——and therefore for his Part, he had laid down his Coach, to avoid the Trouble and Anxiety of keeping Horſes.

WHEN his Country Neighbours dined with him, whoſe Ignorance he thought he could impoſe on, he would give them Alder-Wine, and ſwear it was Hermitage, called a Gammon of Bacon a *Bayonne* Ham, and the commoneſt home made Cheeſe he put off for the beſt *Parmaſan* that ever came into *England*, which he ſaid had been ſent him by a young

young Nobleman of his Acquaintance then on his Travels.

ABOUT once in three Years he brought his Wife and Family to Town, which ſerved for Matter of Converſation to them during the two intermediate Years, that were ſpent in the Country; and they looked forward to the *Annus mirabilis*, or Winter of Pleaſure, with as much Rapture and Expectation, as ſome Chriſtians do to their *Millennium*.

DURING the Time of his Continuance in *London*, Sir *Thomas* every Morning attended the Levees of Miniſters, to beg the Reſtitution of his old Place, or an Appointment to a new one; which he ſaid he would receive with the humbleſt Acknowledgments, and diſcharge in any manner they ſhould pleaſe to preſcribe. Yet whether it was that his Majeſty's Miniſters were inſenſible of his Merits, or could find no Place ſuitable to his Abilities, the unhappy Knight profited little by his Court-Attendance, and might as well have ſaved himſelf the Expence of a triennial Journey to *London*.

BUT tho' theſe Expeditions did not encreaſe his Fortune, they added much to his Vanity, and he returned into the Country new laden with Stories to amuſe his Country Neighbours. He talked with the greateſt Familiarity of *his old Friend my good Lord* ——, and related Converſations that paſſed at the Duke of ——'s Table, with as much Circumſtance and Particularity as if he had been preſent at them.

THE laſt Article of Vanity we ſhall mention, were his Cloaths, which gives the finiſhing Stroke to his Character: For he choſe rather to wear the Rags of old Finery, which had been made up in the Reign of Queen *Anne*, than to ſubmit to plain Cloaths of a modern Make and Faſhion. He fancied the poor People in his Neighbourhood were

to be awed with the Sight of tarniſhed Lace, and wherever he went, the Gold-Fringe fell from his Perſon ſo plentifully, that you might at any Time trace his Foot-ſteps by the Relicks of Finery he left behind him.

LADY *Frippery*, his accompliſhed Spouſe, did not fall ſhort of her Huſband in any of theſe Perfections, but rather improved them with ſome new Graces of her own; for having been ſomething of a Beauty in her Youth, ſhe now retained all the ſcornful Airs and languiſhing Diſdain, which ſhe had formerly practiſed to her dying Lovers.

THEY had one only Daughter, who having been educated all her Life at Home under her Parents, was now become a Maſter-piece of Folly, Vanity and Impertinence. She had not one Geſture or Motion that was natural; her Mouth never opened without ſome ridiculous Grimace; her Voice had learnt a Tone and Accent foreign to itſelf; her Eyes ſquinted with endeavouring to look alluring, and all her Limbs were diſtorted with Affectation. Her Converſation turned always upon Politeneſs, and ſhe fancied herſelf ſo very beautiful, well-bred, genteel and engaging, that it was impoſſible for a Man to look upon her without Admiration.

IT happened now to be the *London*-Winter with this amiable Family, and they were crowded into ſcanty Lodgings on a firſt Floor, conſiſting only of a Dining-room, a Bed-chamber, and a Cloſet; for they could not afford to take any other Part of the Houſe to enlarge their Apartments. The Dining-room was ſet apart for the Reception of Company; Sir *Thomas* and my Lady took Poſſeſſion of the Bed-chamber; and Miſs ſlept in a little Tent-bed, occaſionally ſtufft into the Cloſet.

On the ſecond Floor, over the Head of Sir *Thomas* and his Family, lodged a young Gentleman, who likewiſe ſhall make his Appearance in this Hiſtory, as he afterwards married the young Lady laſt deſcribed.

THIS young Gentleman, uſually called *Jack Chace* among his Intimates, poſſeſſed an Eſtate of Fifteen hundred Pounds a Year; which was juſt ſufficient to furniſh him with a variety of Riding-frocks, *Khevenhullar* Hats, Jockey-boots, and Coach-whips. His great Ambition was to be deemed a *jemmy Fellow*; which Term perhaps ſome of my Readers may not underſtand, and therefore we muſt explain it by Circumſtances. He always appeared in the Morning in a *Newmarket* Frock, decorated with a great Number of red, green or blue Capes; he wore a ſhort Bob Wig, neat Buckſkin Breeches, white Silk Stockings, and carried a Cane-Switch in his Hand. He kept a high Phaeton Chaiſe, and four *Bay Cattle*; a Stable of Hunters, and a Pack of Hounds in the Country. The Reputation of driving a Set of Horſes with Skill, he eſteemed the greateſt Character in human Life, and thought himſelf ſeated on the very Pinnacle of Glory, when he was mounted on a Coach-box at a Horſe-race. He was one of the moſt active Spirits at *Newmarket*, and always boaſted as a moſt ſingular Accompliſhment, *that he did not ride above eight Stone and a Half*. Tho' he was a little Man, and not very healthy in his Conſtitution, he deſired to be thought capable of going through any Fatigue, and was continually laying Wagers of the Journeys he could peform in a Day. He had likewiſe an Ambition to be thought a Man of conſummate Debauch, and endeavoured to perſwade you, that he never went to Bed without firſt drinking Half a

dozen

dozen Bottles of Claret, laying with as many Whores, and knocking down as many Watchmen. In the Mornings he attended Mr. *Broughton*'s Amphitheatre, and in the Evenings, if he was drunk in Time (which indeed he ſeldom failed to be) he came behind the Scenes of the Play-houſe in the middle of the third Act, and there heroically expoſed himſelf to the Hiſſes of the Gallery. Whenever he met you, he conſtantly began with deſcribing his laſt Night's Debauch, or related the arrival of a new Wh—re upon the Town, or entertained you with the Exploits of his Bay Cattle; and if you declined converſing with him on theſe illuſtrious Subjects, he ſwore you was a Fellow of no Soul or Genius, and for ever afterwards ſhunned your Company.

By living in the ſame Houſe this *jemmy young Gentleman* had got acquainted with Sir *Thomas*'s Family, and ſeemed to be commencing a Courtſhip with the Daughter; which her Parents encouraged from a Knowledge of his Eſtate. Sir *Thomas* indeed could have wiſhed for a Son-in-Law more after his own Heart, having no great Idea of Horſemanſhip and the Heroes of *Newmarket*; but on the other hand, he thought it imprudent to let his Daughter ſlip ſo advantageous a Match, and therefore ſtudied to promote it by all the Stratagems, which Parents think it lawful to practiſe in the Diſpoſal of their Daughters; for it muſt be confeſſed, this ſage Knight had a very laudable Regard for Mr. *Chace*'s Eſtate.

CHAP.

CHAP. VII.

A ſad Diſaſter befalls Sir Thomas Frippery *in the Night, and a worſe in the Day.*

AND now that we have drawn the Characters of ſo many People, let us look a little into their Actions; for Characters alone afford a very barren Entertainment to the Reader.

OUR Hero was grown a great Favourite with the Milliner, who preſented him with a laced Ruff, made in the neweſt Faſhion, worn by Women of Quality, and ſuffered him to play about the Shop, where he was taken Notice of by all the Ladies, who came to traffic in Fans and Lace, and was often ſtroked by the faireſt Hands in *London*. In Requital for theſe Favours, he one Night preſerved the Honour of his Miſtreſs from the Attacks of a deſperate Raviſher, who came with a Deſign of invading her Bed.

THE ancient Knight, deſcribed in the laſt Chapter, had, in his Youth, been a Man of ſome Amour, and ſtill retained a certain liquoriſh Inclination, tho' he was narrowly watched by the Jealouſy of his Wife. From the Time of his laſt Arrival in Town, he had caſt the languiſhing Eyes of Affection on the fair Milliner with whom he lodged, and had been projecting many Stratagems to accompliſh his Deſires. He uſed frequently to call in at the Shop, whenever he found the Coaſt clear, under Pretence of buying little Preſents for his Wife or Daughter, and there indulged himſelf in certain amorous Freedoms, ſuch as Kiſſes, and the like, which would provoke her to cry out, *Pray Sir—Don't, Sir* Thomas—*I vow I'll call out, if you offer to be rude.* Inflamed with theſe little Preliminaries,

Preliminaries, he once attempted a bolder Deed; and tho' ſhe repulſed him with great Diſdain, ſtill he nouriſhed Hopes of Succeſs, and watched for a fair Opportunity of making a ſecond Attempt.

ONE Midnight, therefore, when his Wife was faſt aſleep, he ſtole gently out of her Bed, and with great Softneſs proceeded down Stairs, to find his Way to that of her Rival. But when he came to the Door, unfortunately it was locked, and the Noiſe he made againſt it awakened little *Pompey*, who lay watchful by his Miſtreſs's Bed-ſide. Inſtantly the Dog took the Alarm, and fell to barking with ſo much Vehemence, that he rouſed his Miſtreſs, who ſtarted, and cried out, *Who is there?* To this a gentle whiſpering Voice replied, *One—Pray let me in.* The Milliner, now no longer doubting but that her Houſe was broke open by Thieves, rang her Bell with all her Might, to ſummon People to her Aſſiſtance, and *Pompey* ſeconded her with ſuch outrageous Fits of Barking, that the amorous Knight thought it high Time to ſheer off to his own Bed. As he was groping his Way up Stairs in the Dark, he ran againſt *Jack Chace*, who having heard the Noiſe, was deſcending intrepidly in his Shirt, to find out the Cauſe of it. They were both exceedingly alarm'd, and as Sir *Thomas* had ſome Reaſons for not ſpeaking, *Jack* was obliged to begin the Conference, which he did in the following Words, *What the Devil have we got here?* Sir *Thomas* now finding himſelf under a Neceſſity of replying, to prevent any farther Diſcoveries, anſwered with a gentle Voice, *Huſh, huſh Sir!——I have only been walking in my Sleep, that's all——You'll alarm the Family, Mr.* Chace! *Huſh, for God's ſake, and let me return to my Bed again.* This brought them to an Eclairciſſement, and Sir *Thomas* repeating a

Deſire

Desire of returning to Bed with as little Noise as possible, *Jack Chace* lent him his Hand, and they were almost arrived at the Chamber-door, when the Maid, who had risen at the Sound of her Mistress's Bell, and with her Tinder-box struck a Light, met the noble Pair in their Shirts, on the Top of the Stair-case. She immediately screamed out, dropped her Candle, and ran back to her Garret with the utmost Precipitation. Miss *Frippery*, who had long ago heard the Noise, and lay trembling in her little Bed, expecting every Moment some House-breaker to appear and cut her Throat, now began to be revived a little at the Sound of her Father's Voice, whom she heard talking with Mr. *Chace*, and took Courage to call out from her Cabin, *Heavens, Papa! What is the Matter, Papa?* By this Time, the worthy Knight was arrived at his Bed-side, and finding his Wife asleep, blessed his Stars for being so favourable to him; and then putting his Head into the Closet where his Daughter lay, desired her not to wake her Mother with any Noise, adding, *I have only been walking in my Sleep, my Dear; that's all; and Mr.* Chace *has been so kind to conduct me back again to my Bed.* So saying, he deposited himself once more by the Side of his sleeping Spouse, whose *gentle* Slumbers not all the Noise in the House had been able to disturb.

'Tis well observed, that Misfortunes never come single, and what happened to Sir *Thomas Frippery* will confirm the ancient Maxim; for the Disgrace he suffered in this Night, was followed by a more disastrous Accident the ensuing Day.

Out of Compliment to *Jack Chace*, who was then laying close Siege to his Daughter, our Knight had consented to make a Party to *Ruckolt-house*, which was at that Time the fashionable Resort of

all

all idle People, who thought it worth while to travel ten Miles for a Breakfaſt. Sir *Thomas*, and his Lady, went in a hired Chariot, and the Lovers ſhone forth in a moſt exalted *Phaeton*, which looked down with Scorn on all inferior Equipages, and ſeemed like the triumphal Carr of Folly. But alas! the Expedition ſet out under the Influence of ſome evil Star, and Fortune ſeemed to take a Pleaſure in perſecuting them with Miſchances all the Day long. Sir *Thomas* had not long been landed at *Ruckolt*, before he found himſelf afflicted on a ſudden with a moſt violent Fit of the Cholic; and the Agitation of his Bowels ſo diſtorted the Features of his Face, that his Companions began to think him angry with them, and begged Pardon if they had offended him. 'Zounds, 'cried he, I have got the Cholic to ſuch a De-'gree, that I am ready to die; and 'tis ſo long 'ſince I have been at any of theſe youthful Places 'of Gaiety, that I know not where to go for 'Relief.' *Jack Chace* could not help laughing at the Diſtreſſes of his future Father-in-law, but conducted him, however, to one of the Temples of the Goddeſs *Cloacina*, whoſe Altars are more conſtantly and univerſally attended, than thoſe of any other Deity. Here he was entering with great Rapidity, when, to his Surprize, he found two Female Votaries already in Poſſeſſion of the Temple; and 'tis an inviolable Law in the Alcoran of this Goddeſs, as it was formerly in the Ceremonies of the *Bona Dea*, that the two Sexes ſhall never communicate in Worſhip at the ſame Time. This put our Knight into the ſtrangeſt Confuſion, and he was obliged to retire, muttering to himſelf, *that Women were always in the Way*. The Conſequences of this Diſappointment I forbear to mention; only I cannot help lamenting,

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ing, that Stateſmen ſhould be as ſubject to the Gripes as inferior Mortals; for I make no doubt, but the greateſt Politicians have been ſometimes invaded with this Diſeaſe in the moſt critical Junctures, and the Buſineſs of the Nation ſuſpended, 'till a Miniſter could return from his Cloſe-ſtool.

As the Party was returning home, *Jack Chace*, deſirous of ſhewing his Coachmanſhip to the young Lady, whirled ſo rapidly round the Corner of a Street, that he overturned the Chaiſe, and it was next to a Miracle that they eſcaped with their Lives. But luckily the future Bride received no other Damage, than ſpoiling her beſt Silk Night-gown (which I mention as a Warning to all young Ladies, how they truſt themſelves with Gentlemen in high Chaiſes) and little *Pompey*, who was in her Lap, came with great Dexterity upon his Feet. The Driver himſelf indeed loſt his Ear, which was torn off by the Wheel in his Fall; but this he eſteemed a Wound of Honour, and boaſted of it as much as diſabled Soldiers do of the Loſs of their Legs and Arms. As for Sir *Thomas*, he entirely diſclaimed *Ruckolt* for the remaining Part of his Life, which he ſwore abounded with Perils and Dangers, and declared with much Importance, that there was no ſuch Place in being, when he and Lord *Oxford* were at the Helm of Affairs.

CHAP. VIII.

A Deſcription of a Drum.

BUT I haſten to deſcribe an Event, which engroſſed the Attention of this accomplished Family for a Fortnight, and was Matter of Converſation to them for a Year afterwards. Lady *Frippery*, in Imitation of other Ladies of her Rank and

Quality,

Quality, was ambitious of having a Drum; tho' the Smallneſs of her Lodgings might well have excuſed her from attempting that modiſh Piece of Vanity.

A DRUM is at preſent the higheſt Object of Female Vain-glory; the End whereof is to aſſemble as large a Mob of Quality as can poſſibly be contained in one Houſe; and great are the Honours paid to that Lady, who can boaſt of the largeſt Crowd. For this Purpoſe, a Woman of ſuperior Rank calculates how many People all the Rooms in her Houſe laid open can poſſibly hold, and then ſends about two Months beforehand *among the People one knows*, to beſpeak ſuch a Number as ſhe thinks will fill them. Hence great Emulations ariſe among them, and the Candidates for this Honour ſue as eagerly for Viſiters, as Candidates for Parliament do for Votes at an Election: For as it ſometimes happens that two Ladies pitch upon the ſame Evening for raiſing a Riot, 'tis neceſſary they ſhould beat up in time for Voluntiers; otherwiſe they may chance to be defrauded of their Numbers, and one of them lie under the Ignominy of collecting a Mob of a hundred only, while the other has the Honour of aſſembling a well-dreſt Rabble of three or four hundred; which of courſe breaks the Heart of that unfortunate Lady, who comes off with this immortal Diſgrace.

NOW as the Actions of People of Quality are ſure of being copied, hence it comes to paſs that Ladies of inferior Rank, reſolving to be in the Faſhion, take upon them likewiſe to have Drums in Imitation of their Superiors: Only there is this Difference between the two Orders, that the Higher call nothing but a *Crowd* a *Drum*, whereas the Lower often give that Name to the commoneſt Parties, and for the ſake of Honour call an ordinary Viſit an Aſſembly.

THIS

THIS was the Caſe with Lady *Frippery*; her Acquaintance in Town was very ſmall, and it ſeemed improbable that ſhe could aſſemble above a dozen People at moſt, without making any Allowance for Colds, Head-achs, Vapours, hyſteric Fits, Fevers upon the Spirits, and other Female Indiſpoſitions; yet ſtill ſhe reſolved to have a Drum, and the young Lady ſeconded her Mamma's Inclinations ſo vehemently, that Sir *Thomas* was obliged to comply.

FROM the Moment this great Event was reſolved on, all their Converſations turned upon it, and it was pleaſant to hear the Schemes and Contrivances they had about it. Their firſt and principal Care was to ſecure Lady *Bab Frightful*, the chief of Lady *Frippery*'s Acquaintance, and whoſe Name was to give a Luſtre to the Aſſembly. Now Lady *Bab* being one of the Quality, it was poſſible ſhe might have a previous Engagement, unleſs ſhe was taken in time; and therefore a Card was diſpatched to her in the firſt Place, to beſpeak her for ſuch an Evening; and it was reſolved, that if any croſs Accident prevented her coming, new Meaſures ſhould be taken, and the Drum be deferred till another Night. Lady *Bab* returned for Anſwer, *that ſhe would wait on Lady* Frippery *if her Health permitted.* This dubious kind of Meſſage puzzled them in the ſtrangeſt manner, and was worſe than a Denial; for without Lady *Bab* it was impoſſible to proceed; without Lady *Bab* the Aſſembly would make no Figure, and yet they were obliged to run the Hazard of her not coming in Conſequence of her Anſwer. Every Day therefore, they ſent to enquire after her Health, and

their Hopes roſe or fell according to the Word that was brought them; till on the Day before the Drum was to be held, a moſt calamitous Piece of News arrived, *that Lady* Bab *was diſabled by her Surgeon*, who in cutting her Toe-nail had made an Inciſion in her Fleſh; yet ſtill ſhe promiſed to be with them, *if it was poſſible for her to hobble Abroad.* 'Tis impoſſible to deſcribe the Damp which this fatal Meſſage ſtruck into the whole Family; a general Conſternation at once overſpread their Faces, and they looked as if an Earthquake was going to ſwallow them up: But they were obliged to ſubmit with Patience, and a Glimpſe of Hope ſtill remained; they had nothing left but to put up their Prayers for Lady *Bab*'s Recovery.

AT length the important Evening arrived, that was to decide all their Expectations and Fears. Many Conſultations had been held every Day, and almoſt every Hour of the Day, that Things might be perfect and in Order, when the Time came: Yet notwithſtanding all their Precautions, a Diſpute aroſe almoſt at the laſt Moment, *whether Lady* Frippery *was to receive her Company at the Top or Bottom of the Stairs?* This momentous Queſtion begat a warm Debate. Her Ladyſhip and Miſs contended reſolutely for the Top of the Stairs, Sir *Thomas* for the Bottom, and Mr. *Chace* obſerved a Neutrality; till at length after a long Altercation, the Knight was obliged to ſubmit to a Majority of Voices; tho' not without condemning his Wife and Daughter for want of Politeneſs. 'My Dear,' ſaid he, taking a Pinch of Snuff with great Vehemence, 'I am amazed 'that you can be guilty of ſuch a Soleciſm in

Breeding:

'Breeding: It ſurprizes me, that you are not 'ſenſible of the Impropriety of it—Will it not 'ſhew much greater Reſpect and Complaiſance 'to meet your Company at the Bottom of the 'Stairs, than to ſtand like an *Indian* Queen re-'ceiving Homage at the Top of them? Yes, 'my Dear! anſwered her Ladyſhip; but you 'know my Territories do not commence till 'the Top of the Stairs; our Territories do 'not begin below Stairs; and it would be ve-'ry improper for me to go out of my own Do-'minions—Don't you ſee that, my Dear? I 'am ſurprized at your want of Comprehenſion 'to-day, Sir *Thomas!*' 'Well, well, I have 'given it up, anſwered he; have your own 'Way, Child; have your own Way, my La-'dy, and then you'll be pleaſed, I hope—but 'I am ſure, in my Days, People would have 'met their Company at the Bottom of the 'Stairs. When I and Lord *Oxford* were in 'the Miniſtry together, Affairs would have 'been very different—but the Age has loſt all 'its Civility, and the People are not half ſo 'well-bred as they were formerly.'

THIS Reflexion on modern Times piqued the Daughter's Vanity, who now began to play her Part in the Debate. 'Yes, Papa, ſaid 'ſhe, but what ſignifies what People did for-'merly? that is nothing at all to us at preſent, 'you know; for to be ſure all People were 'Fools formerly: I always think People were 'Fools in former Days. They never did any 'thing as we do now-a-days, and therefore it 'ſtands to Reaſon they were all Fools and 'Idiots. 'Tis very manifeſt they had no 'Breeding, and all the World muſt allow,

‘ that the World never was ſo wiſe, and polite,
‘ and ſenſible, and clever as it is at this Mo-
‘ ment; and, for my Part, I would not have
‘ lived in former Days for all the World.’
‘ Pugh! ſaid the Knight, interrupting her,
‘ you are a little illiterate Monkey; you talk
‘ without Book, Child! the World is nothing
‘ to what it was in my Days. Every thing is
‘ altered for the worſe. The Women are not
‘ near ſo handſome. None of you are compa-
‘ rable to your Mothers.’ Nay, there—ſaid
‘ Lady *Frippery*, interpoſing; there, Sir *Thomas*
‘ I entirely agree with you—there you have
‘ my Conſent, with all my Heart. To be
‘ ſure, all the celebrated Girls about Town are
‘ mere Dowdies, in Compariſon of their Mo-
‘ thers; and if there could be a Reſurrection of
‘ Beauties, they would ſhine only like *Briſtol*
‘ Stones in the Company of Diamonds.’ ‘ Bleſs
‘ me, Mamma! cried the young Lady, with
‘ the Tears ſtanding in her Eyes, how can you
‘ talk ſo? There never were ſo many fine Wo-
‘ men in the whole World, as there are now in
‘ *London*, and ’tis enough to make one burſt
‘ out a crying, to hear you talk—Come, Mr.
‘ *Chace*, why don’t you ſtand up for us modern
‘ Beauties?”

In the midſt of this Converſation, there was a violent Rap at the Street-door; whereupon they all flew to the Window, crying out eagerly, *There——there is Lady* Bab—*I am ſure ’tis Lady* Bab, *for I know her Footman’s rap.* Yet in ſpite of this Knowledge, Lady *Bab* did not arrive according to their Hopes; and it ſeemed as if her Ladyſhip had laid a Scheme to keep them in Suſpence; for of all the People,

who

who compoſed this illuſtrious Aſſembly, Lady *Bab* came the laſt. They took care, however, to inform the Company from time to time, that ſhe was expected, by making the ſame Obſervation on the Arrival of every freſh Coach, and ſtill perſiſting that they knew her Footman's rap, tho' they had given ſo many Proofs to the contrary. At length, however, Lady *Bab Frightful* came; and it is impoſſible to expreſs the Joy they felt on her Appearance; which revived them on a ſudden from the Depth of Deſpair to the higheſt Exaltation of Happineſs.

HER Ladyſhip's great Toe engroſſed the Converſation for the firſt Hour, whoſe Misfortune was lamented in very pathetic Terms by all the Company, and many wiſe Reflexions were made upon the Accident which had happened; ſome condemning the Ignorance, and others the Careleſſneſs of the Surgeon, who had been guilty of ſuch a Treſpaſs on her Ladyſhip's Fleſh. Some adviſed her to be very careful how ſhe walked upon it; others recommended a larger Shoe to her Ladyſhip, and Lady *Frippery*, in particular, continued the whole Evening to proteſt the vaſt Obligations ſhe had to her, for favouring her with her Company under ſuch an Affliction. But had I an hundred Hands, and as many Pens, it would be impoſſible to deſcribe the Folly of that Night: Wherefore, begging the Reader to ſupply it by the Help of his own Imagination, I proceed to other Parts of this Hiſtory.

CHAP. IX.

In which several Things are touched upon.

WHEN this great Affair was over, the Marriage came next upon the Carpet; the Celebration of which was fixed for *Easter* Week; but Mr. *Chace* recollecting in time that it would interfere with *Newmarket* Races, procured a Reprieve till the Week following. At his Return from those *Olympic* Games, the Nuptials were celebrated before a general Assembly of their Relations, and the happy Couple were conducted to Bed in Publick, with great Demonstrations of Joy. The Bridegroom took Possession of the Bride, and Sir *Thomas* took Possession of Mr. *Chace*'s Estate.

WHEN they had shewn their new Cloaths a little in *London*, they set out in a Body for the Country; and in a few Days afterwards, the Lodgings on the first Floor was taken by a Lady, who passed under the fictitious Name of Mrs. *Caryl*. The hasty Manner, in which she made her Agreement, infused a Suspicion into our Milliner from the very Beginning; and many Circumstances soon concurred to persuade her, that her new Lodger was a Wife eloped from her Husband. For besides that she came into her Lodgings late in the Evening, she seemed to affect a Privacy in all her Actions, which plainly evidenced, that she was afraid of some Discovery; and this encreased our Milliner's Curiosity the more in proportion as the other seemed less inclined to gratify it. But an Event soon happened, to confirm her Conjectures;

tures; for three Days after the Lady's Arrival, a Chair ſtopped at the Door one Evening near Ten o'Clock, from whence alighted a well-dreſt Man about Fifty Years old, who wrapping himſelf up in a red Cloak, proceeded haſtily up Stairs, as if deſirous to conceal himſelf from Obſervation. This Adventure favoured ſo ſtrongly of Intrigue, that it was no wonder our Milliner contrived to meet him in the Paſſage, to ſatisfy her Curioſity with a Survey of his Features; for People, in whom that Paſſion predominates, often find the greateſt Conſolation from knowing the ſmalleſt Trifles. *Pompey* was ſtill more inquiſitive than his Miſtreſs, and took Courage to follow the Gentleman into the Dining-Room, with a Deſire, I ſuppoſe, of hearing what paſſed in ſo faſhionable an Interview.

The Lady roſe from her Chair to receive this Man of Faſhion, who ſaluted her with great Complaiſance, and hoped ſhe was pleaſed with her new Apartments, 'Yes my Lord, "anſwered ſhe, the People are civilized People "enough, and I believe have no Suſpicion about "me —— but did they ſee your Lordſhip come "up Stairs?" 'Pon my Honour, Madam, "ſaid the Peer, I can't tell; there was a Fe-"male Figure glided by me in the Paſſage, but "whether the Creature made Remarks or not, "I did not ſtay to obſerve —— Well, Madam, "I hope now I may give you Joy of your Eſ-"cape, and I dare ſay will find yourſelf much 'happier than you was under the Ill-uſage of a 'Tyrant you deſpiſed.' The Lady then related, with great Pleaſantry, the Manner of her Eſcape, and the Difficulties that attended the Execution of it; after which ſhe concluded with

saying, 'I wonder, my Lord, what my Huf-
'band is now thinking on?' 'Thinking on!
'answered the Peer —— that he's a Fool and a
'Blockhead, I hope, Madam, and deserves to
'be hanged for abusing the Charms of so divine
'a Creature——Good God! was it possible
'for him to harbour an ill-natured Thought,
'while he had the Pleasure of looking in that
'angelic Face?' 'My Lord, said the Lady,
'I know I have taken a very ill Step in the Eye
'of the World; but I have too much Spirit to
'bear Ill-usage with Patience, and let the Con-
'sequences be what they will, I am determined
'to submit to them, rather than be a Slave to
'the Ill-humours of a Man I despised, hated
'and detested.' 'Forbear Madam, said his
'Lordship, to think of him; my Fortune, my
'Interest, my Sword, are all devoted to your
'Service, and I am ready to execute any Com-
'mand you please to impose upon me—but let
'us call a more agreeable Topic of Conversation.

SOON after this a light, but elegant Supper was placed upon the Table, and the Servants were ordered to retire; for there are certain Seasons, when even the Great desire to banish Ostentation. The absent Husband furnished them with much Raillery, and they pictured to themselves continually the Surprize he would be in, when first he discovered his Wife's Elopement; nor did this Man of Gallantry and Fashion finish his amorous Visit till past Two o'Clock in the Morning. As he was going down Stairs, he found himself again encountered by the barking of little *Pompey*, whom he snatched up in his Arms, and getting hastily into the

Chair,

Chair, that waited for him at the Door, carried him off with him to his own Houſe.

THE next Morning, when our Hero waked, and took a Survey of his new Apartments, he had great Reaſon to rejoice in the Change he had made: The Magnificence of the Furniture evidently ſhewed that he was in the Houſe of a Man of Quality; and the Importance which diſcovered itſelf in the Faces of all the Domeſticks, ſeemed likewiſe to prove that their Maſter belonged to the Court. The Porter in particular appeared to be a Politician of many Years ſtanding, for he never deliver'd the moſt ordinary Meſſage but in the Voice of a Whiſper, accompanied with ſo many Nods, Winks, and other myſterious Grimaces, that he paſſed among his Acquaintance for a Stateſman of no common Capacity.

ABOUT Nine o'Clock in the Morning Lord *Danglecourt* was pleaſed to raiſe himſelf up in his Bed, and ſummoned his Valets to aſſiſt him in putting on his Cloaths. As ſoon as it was reported through the Houſe that his Lordſhip was ſtirring, the Multitudes who were waiting to attend his Levee, put themſelves in Order in his Antichamber to pay their Morning Homage, as ſoon as he pleaſed to appear. Several of them, however, who came on particular Buſineſs, or were neceſſary Agents under his Lordſhip, were ſelected from the common Groupe, and introduced into the Bed-chamber; where they had the inexpreſſible Honour and Pleaſure to ſee his Lordſhip waſh his Hands and buckle on his Shoes in private.

BUT his Lordſhip was condemned this Morning to give private Audience to the chief Inhabitants of a Borough-Town, of which (to uſe

the common Phraſe) he *made the Members*, and conſequently was obliged to treat them with that ceremonious Reſpect, which *Free-Britons* always demand in Exchange for their Liberty. Theſe Gentlemen were ambitious of having their Town erected into a Corporation, and now waited on Lord *Danglecourt* with a Petition, ſetting forth the Nature of their Requeſt, and begging his Lordſhip's Intereſt to obtain a Charter for them. They were conducted into a private Room, where his Lordſhip ſoon preſented himſelf to them, and after ſaluting them all round, begged to know if he could have the Honour of ſerving them in any thing, making many Proteſtations of his particular Regard for them and eternal Devotion to their Intereſt. This ſeemed to anſwer their Wiſhes; whereupon one of them taking a Packet out of his Breaſt, began to read what might be called the Hiſtory of their Town with more Propriety than a Petition, for it contained the Names of all the Blackſmiths, Barbers, and Attornies, that had flouriſhed in it for many Centuries backwards. His Lordſhip took great Pains to ſuppreſs his Inclination to Laughter, and for a while ſeemed to liſten with great Attention; but at length his Patience being quite exhauſted, he was obliged to interrupt the Orator of the Company, ſaying, 'Well, 'Gentlemen, I won't give you the trouble to 'read any more; I ſee the Nature of your Pe-'tition extremely well, and you may depend 'upon my Intereſt; Pleaſe to leave your Peti-'tion with me, Sir, and I'll look over the re-'maining Part at my Leiſure——Depend up-'on it, Gentlemen, you ſhall ſoon be in Poſ-'ſeſſion of your Deſires.' His Lordſhip then

'began

began to enquire after their Wives and Daughters, and having ordered his Servants to bring a Salver of Sack and Biſcuits, he drank Proſperity to their new Corporation, repreſented in the ſtrongeſt Terms the Honour they did him, in making him inſtrumental to the Completion of their Deſires, and hoped he ſhould very ſoon be able to compliment them on their Succeſs. He then conducted them to the Door, and they departed from him with moſt grateful Acknowledgments of his Goodneſs, and the higheſt inward Satisfaction to think they had ſo gracious a Patron.

THEY were no ſooner gone, than his Lordſhip returned into his Cloſet, and fell a laughing at the Folly and Impertinence of his Petitioners. 'Curſe the Boobies, cries he, do they "think I have nothing to do but to make May-"ors and Aldermen? and ſo ſaying, he threw down the Petition to the Dog, and began to make him *fetch and carry* for his Diverſion. *Pompey* very readily entered into the Humour of this Paſtime, and made ſuch good uſe of his Teeth, that the Hopes of a new Corporation were ſoon demoliſhed, and the Lord knows how many Mayors and Aldermen in a Moment periſhed by the unmerciful Jaws of a *Bologna* Lap-dog. But his Lordſhip ſoon grew tired of this Entertainment, and when he thought the Petition had been ſeverely enough handled by the Dog, he ſnatched it from him, and flung it into the Fire, ſaying, with a moſt contemptuous Sneer, *So much for our new Corporation:* After which, he called for his Hat and Sword, and went Abroad; nor did *Pompey* ſee any thing more of him during the remaining Part of the Day.

CHAP.

CHAP. X.

Describing the Miseries of a Garreteer Poet.

THE next Morning as his Lordship was sitting in his Study, and reading some Papers of State, his Gentleman-Usher came into the Room, and informed him, *that Mr.* Rhymer *the Poet was below.* 'Curse Mr. *Rhymer* 'the Poet, cries his Lordship, and you too for 'an egregious Blockhead—why the Devil did 'you let the Fellow in? Tell him that his last 'Political Pamphlet is execrable Nonsense and 'unintelligible Jargon, and I am not at leisure 'to see him this Morning.' 'My Lord, said 'the Valet, he desired me to acquaint you, 'that he has a Plan for writing the History of 'your Lordship's Family, which he wants to 'communicate to your Lordship for your Ap-'probation.' 'Turn the Scoundrel out of 'Doors this Moment, answered the Peer, I 'won't have the Honour of my Ancestors be-'smeared with his *Grubstreet* Ink—Stay, hold '*Dickson!* let the Fellow send up his execrable 'Specimen however; it will furnish me per-'haps, with a little Diversion this Morning, 'if it be very absurd, and that I have no 'doubt of—Go, bring his Plan." Mr. *Dick-son* then went down Stairs, and soon returned with the unfortunate Proposals, which being ordered to read, he pronounced in the following Manner; *Proposals for printing by Subscription, Historical Memoirs of the illustrious and noble Family of* John *Earl of* Danglecourt, *in which it will be proved, that the Virtues of all his divine*

Ancestors

Anceſtor's center in his preſent Lordſhip, and that he is the Mecænas *of Letters, the* Richelieu *of Politics, and the* Hampden *of the* Engliſh *Conſtitution.* 'Very well, cries his Lordſhip, this is 'a Sycophant, that would deify me for a Cruſt 'of Bread; however, let him proceed in his 'Work, and when he has finiſhed it, perhaps 'I may give him——a Dinner.' 'My Lord, 'anſwered the Valet, unleſs your Lordſhip be-'ſtows that Favour upon him beforehand, I 'am afraid he will never live to finiſh it, for 'really the poor Gentleman ſeems a little out 'of Caſe, and I believe he is ſeldom guilty of 'Intemperance at his Meals—He begs me to 'preſent his humble Duty to your Lordſhip, 'that a ſmall Gratuity would be very accep-'table at preſent, for it ſeems his Wife is ready 'to lie-in, and he ſays, he has not Six-pence 'to defray the Expences of her Groaning.' 'How, cries his Lordſhip, has that Fellow the 'Impudence to beget Children? The Dog 'pretends here to be ſtarving, and yet has the 'Aſſurance to deal in Procreation——Prythee, '*Dickſon*, what ſort of a Woman is his Wife? 'have you ever ſeen her? Yes, my Lord, an-'ſwered the truſty Valet; but I am afraid ſhe 'would have no great Temptations for your 'Lordſhip; for the poor Gentlewoman has 'the Misfortune to ſquint a little, which does 'not give a very bewitching Air to her Coun-'tenance, and has the Accompliſhment of red 'Hair into the Bargain.' 'Well then, cries 'the Peer, turn the Hound out of Doors, and 'bid him go to the Devil. Pox take him, if 'he had a handſome Wife, I might be tempted 'to encourage him a little; but how can he

'expect my Favour without doing any thing to 'deserve it?' 'Then your Lordship won't be 'pleased to send him a small Acknowledgment, 'said the Valet de Chambre? No, replied the 'Peer, I have no Money to fling away on 'Poets and Hackney-writers; let the Fellow 'eat his own Works, if he is hungry.—Hold, 'stay, I have thought better of it; here *Dick-* '*son*, carry him this Dog which I brought 'home the other Night, and bid him keep the 'Creature for my Sake.'

DICKSON was a Man of some little Humour, which had promoted him to the Dignity of first Pimp in ordinary to his Lordship, and perceiving that his Master had a Mind to divert himself this Morning with the Miseries of an unhappy Poet, he resolved that the Joke should not be lost in passing through his Hands. Taking the Dog therefore from his Lordship, he made haste down Stairs, and accosted the expecting Bard in the following Manner: 'Sir! his Lordship is very busy this Morning, 'and not at Leisure to speak with you, but he 'recommends it to you to proceed in the Ex- 'ecution of your Work, and begs you would 'do him the Favour to accept of this beautiful 'little *Bologna* Lap-dog.' 'Accept of a Lap- 'dog, cried the Poet with Astonishment; bless 'me! what is the Matter? Surely there must 'be some Mistake, Mr. *Dickson!* for I can- 'not readily conceive of what Use a *Bologna* 'Lap-dog can be to me.' 'Sir, replied the 'Valet-de-chambre, you may depend upon it, 'his Lordship had some Reason for making you 'this Present, which it does not become us to

'guess

'guess at. 'No, said the Bard, I would not
'presume to dive into his Lordship's Councils,
'which, to be sure, are always wise and un-
'scrutable; but really now, Mr. *Dickson*, a
'few Guineas in present Cash would be rather
'more serviceable to me than a *Bologna* Lap-
'dog—Even a few *Bologna* Sausages, to carry
'home in my Pocket, would have been more
'serviceable to my poor Wife and Children.'
'Sir, said the Valet, you must not distrust his
'Lordship's Generosity: Great Statesmen,
'Mr. *Rhymer*, always do things in a different
'manner from the rest of the World: There
'is usually, as you observe something a little
'mysterious in their Conduct; but assure your-
'self, Sir, this Dog will be the Fore-runner of
'a handsome Annuity, and it would be the
'greatest Affront imaginable not to receive
'him.—You must never refuse any Thing,
'which the Great esteem a Favour, Mr. *Rhy-*
'*mer* on any Account; even tho' it should in-
'volve you and your Family in everlasting
'Ruin. His Lordship desired that you would
'keep the Dog for his Sake, Sir, and therefore
'you may be sure he has a particular Regard
'for you, when he sends you such a Memorial
'of his Affection.'

THE unhappy Poet finding he could extort nothing from the unfeeling Hands of his Patron, was obliged to retire with the Dog under his Arm, and climbed up in a disconsolate Mood to his Garret, where he found his Wife cooking the Scrag End of a Neck of Mutton for Dinner. The Mansions of this Son of *Apollo* were very contracted, and one would have thought it impossible for one single Room to

have

have ſerved ſo many domeſtic Purpoſes; but good Houſewifery knows no Difficulties, and Penury has a Thouſand Inventions, which are unknown to Eaſe and Wealth. In one Corner of theſe poetical Apartments ſtood a Flock-bed, and underneath it, a green Jordan preſented itſelf to the Eye, which had collected the nocturnal Urine of the whole Family, conſiſting of Mr. *Rhymer*, his Wife and two Daughters. Three rotten Chairs and a half ſeemed to ſtand like Traps in various Parts of the Room, threatning Downfalls to unwary Strangers; and one ſolitary Table in the Middle of this aerial Garret, ſerved to hold the different Treaſures of the whole Family. There were now lying upon it the firſt Act of a Comedy, a Pair of yellow Stays, two political Pamphlets, a Plate of Bread and Butter, three dirty Night-caps, and a Volume of Miſcellany Poems. The Lady of the Houſe was drowning a Neck of Mutton, as we before obſerved, in meagre Soup, and the two Daughters ſat in the Window, mending their Father's brown Stockings with blue Worſted. Such were the Manſions of Mr. *Rhymer*, the Poet, which I heartily recommend to the repeated Peruſal of all thoſe unhappy Gentlemen, who feel in themſelves a growing Inclination to that miſchievous, damnable and deſtructive Science.

As ſoon as Mr. *Rhymer* entered the Chamber, his Wife deſerted her Cookery, to enquire the Succeſs of his Viſit, on which the Comforts of her Lying-in ſo much depended; and ſeeing a Dog under her Huſband's Arm, 'Bleſs 'me, my Dear! why do you bring home that 'filthy Creature, to eat up our Victuals?

'Thank

'Thank Heaven, we have got more Mouths
'already than we can ſatisfy, and I am ſure
'we want no Addition to our Family.' 'Why,
'my Dear, anſwered the Poet, his Lordſhip
'did me the Favour to preſent me this Morn-
'ing, with this beautiful *Bologna* Lap-dog.'
'Preſent you with a Lap-dog, cried the Wife
interrupting him, what is it you mean, Mr.
'*Rhymer*? but, however, I am glad his Lord-
'ſhip was in ſo bountiful a Humour, for I am
'ſure then he has given you a Purſe of Guineas,
'to maintain the Dog.——Well, I vow it
'was a very genteel Way of making a Pre-
'ſent, and I ſhall love the little Fool for his
'Maſter's Sake.——Great Men do Things
'with ſo much Addreſs always, that one is
'tranſported as much with their Politeneſs as
'their Generoſity.' Here the unhappy Bard
ſhook his Head, and ſoon undeceived his Wife,
by informing her of all that had paſſed in his
'Morning's Viſit. 'How ſaid ſhe, no Mo-
'ney with the Dog? Mr. *Rhymer*, I am amazed
'that you will ſubmit to ſuch Uſage. Don't
'you ſee that they make a Fool, and an Aſs,
'and a laughing Stock of you? Why did you
'take their filthy Dog? I'll have its Brains
'daſh'd out this Moment.—Mr. *Rhymer*, if you
'had kept in your Tallow-chandler's Shop, I
'and mine ſhould have had where-withal to
'live; but you muſt court the draggle-tail
'Muſes forſooth, and a fine Proviſion they
'have made you.—Here I expect to be brought
'to Bed every Day, and you have not Money
'to buy Pap and Caudle.——O curſe your
'Lords and your Political Pamphlets! I am
'ſure I have Reaſon to repent the Day that ever

'I

'I married a Poet.' 'Madam, ſaid *Rhymer*, exaſperated at his Wife's Converſation, you ought rather to bleſs the Day, that married you to a Gentleman, whoſe Soul deſpiſes mechanical Trades, and is devoted to the nobleſt Science in the Univerſe. Poetry, Madam, like Virtue, is its own Reward; but you have a vulgar Notion of Things, you have an illiberal Attachment to Money, and had rather be frying Greaſe in a Tallow-chandler's Shop, than liſtening to the divine Rhapſodies of the *Heliconian* Maids. 'Tis true, Madam, his Lordſhip has not recompenſed my Labours according to Expectation this Morning, but what of that? he bid me proceed in the Execution of my Deſign, and undoubtedly means to reward me. Lords are often deſtitute of Caſh, as well as Poets, and perhaps I came upon him a little unſeaſonably, when his Coffers were empty; but I auſpicate great Things from this Preſent of a Dog——A Dog, Madam, is the Emblem of Fidelity, and that encourages me to hope his Lordſhip will be true to my Intereſt.' 'The Emblem of a Fiddle ſtick! cried the Wife, interrupting him. I tell you Mr. *Rhymer*, you are a Fool, and have ruined your Family by your ſenſeleſs Whims and Projects. —A Gentleman quotha! Yes, forſooth, a very fine Gentleman truly, that has hardly a Shirt to his Back, or a Pair of Shoes to his Feet.——Look at your Daughters there in the Window, and ſee whether they appear like a Gentleman's Daughters; and for my Part, I have not an Under-Petticoat that I can wear.——You have had three Plays

'damned,

'damned, Mr. *Rhymer*, and one would think that 'might have taught you a little Prudence; but, 'Deuce fetch me, if you ſhall write any more, 'for I'll burn all this Nonſenſe that lies upon 'the Table.' So ſaying, ſhe flew like a Bacchanal Fury at his Works, and with ſavage Hands was going to commit them to the Flames, but her Huſband's Voice interrupted her, crying out with Impatience, 'See, ſee, 'ſee, my Dear! the Pot boils over, and the 'Broth is all running away into the Fire.' This luckily put an end to their Altercation, and poſtponed the Sacrifice that was going to be made; they then ſat down to Dinner without a Table-cloth, and made a wretched Meal, envying one another every Morſel that eſcaped their own Mouths.

THEIR Diſtreſſes increaſed every Day, and it is highly probable, that *Pompey* would ſoon have fallen a Sacrifice to Hunger, and been ſerved up at Mr. *Rhymers* poetical Table, had not the cunning little Animal, prudentially fore-ſeeing what might happen, taken to his Heels one Morning, and happily made his Eſcape from this Scene of Miſery, Squallidneſs, and Poetry.

CHAP.

CHAP. XI.

Shewing the ill Effects of Ladies having the Vapours.

OUR Hero wandered about the Streets for two or three Hours, 'till being tired of his Peregrination, he took Shelter in a handſome Houſe, where the Door ſtood hoſpitably open to receive him. Here he was ſoon found by the Servants, and the Waiting-gentlewoman carried him up Stairs, as a Beauty, to her Miſtreſs, whom ſhe found in a Fit, and conſequently was obliged to defer the Introduction of *Pompey*, to aſſiſt her Lady with Hartſhorn, and other phyſical Reſtoratives, with which her Chamber was plentifully Stored.

THIS Lady by Name Mrs. *Qualmſick*, had the Misfortune to be afflicted with that moſt terrible Sickneſs, which ariſes only from the Imagination of the Patient, and which it is no Wonder Phyſicians find ſuch a Difficulty to cure, as it has neither Name, Symptoms, nor Exiſtence. She was, in reality, eaten up with the Vapours; by which means her whole Life became an uninterrupted Series of Miſeries, which ſhe had been ingenious enough to invent for herſelf, becauſe neither Nature nor Fortune had beſtowed any upon her. Her Conſtitution originally was very good and healthy, but ſhe had ſo many Years been endeavoring to deſtroy it, by the Advice and Aſſiſtance of Phyſicians, that ſhe had now phyſicked herſelf into all imaginary Diſorders, and was unhealthy from the very Pains ſhe took to preſerve her Health.

Her

Her meek-ſpirited Huſband poſſeſſed an Eſtate of Two Thouſand Pounds a Year, the far greateſt Part whereof his indulgent Wife laviſhed away on Phyſicians and Apothecaries Bills; and tho' ſhe took all Pains to render herſelf unlovely in the Eyes of a Huſband, the good-natured ſimple Man was ſo enamoured of her ſickly Charms, that he ſtill adored her as a Goddeſs, and paid a blind Obedience to her Will in every Thing. As her *weak Nerves* ſeldom permitted her to go abroad herſelf, ſhe kept her obſequious Spouſe almoſt conſtantly confined in her Bed-chamber, as a Companion to her in her Afflictions: and beſides the Confinement he underwent, he was obliged likewiſe, at all Seaſons to conform himſelf to the preſent State of her Nerves. For, ſometimes, the Sound of a Voice was Death to her, and then he was enjoined inviolable Silence: At other Times, ſhe choſe to be diverted with a Book, and then he was to read *Hervey*'s Meditations among the Tombs. Again at other Times, when her Imagination was a little more chearful than uſual, ſhe would amuſe herſelf with conjugal Dalliances, toy with her Huſband, ſtroke his Face, and provoke him to treat her with little amorous Endearments.

As a Reward for this Humility, and Readineſs to comply with her Humours, ſhe would do him the Favour, every now and then, to take him abroad in her Coach, when her Phyſicians preſcribed her an Airing: Tho' it may be doubted whether he received any Enjoyment of this uncommon Favour, as the Glaſſes and Canvaſſes were conſtantly drawn up, while the ſick Lady lay along like a fat Corpſe, on one

whole

whole Seat of the Coach, gaſping for Air, and complaining of the uneaſy Motion.

As theſe kinds of Diſtempers are very fantaſtical, ſhe was often ſeized with the ſtrangeſt Whims, and would imagine herſelf converted into all kinds of living Creatures; nay, when her Phrenzy was at the higheſt, it was not unuſual for her to fancy herſelf a Glaſs-bottle, a Tea-pot, a Hay-rick, or a Field of Turnips. The Furniture of her Rooms was likewiſe altered once a Month, to comply with the preſent Fit of Vapours: For, ſometimes, Red was too glaring for her Eyes; Green put her in Mind of Willows, and made her melancholic; Blue remembered her of her dear Siſter, who had unfortunately died ten Years before in a blue Bed; and ſome ſuch Reaſon was conſtantly found for baniſhing every Colour in its Turn. But a little Specimen of her Converſation one Day with her Doctor, and the Conſequences of it afterwards on her Huſband, will give the beſt Deſcription of her Character.

THE Gentleman of the *Eſculapian* Art came to attend her one Morning, and ſhe began as uſual, with informing him of the deplorable State in which he found her. 'O, Doctor, 'ſaid ſhe, my Nerves are ſo low to-day, that 'I can hardly fetch my Breath. There is ſuch 'a Damp and Oppreſſion upon my Spirits, 'that 'tis impoſſible for me to live a Week 'longer. Do you think, Sir, I can poſſibly 'live a Week longer?" 'A Week longer, 'Madam! anſwered the Phyſician, Oh, bleſs 'me! yes, yes, many Years, I hope—Come, 'come, Madam, you muſt not give way to 'ſuch Imaginations. 'Tis the Nature of your

'Diſorder

'Diſorder to be attended with a Dejection of 'Spirits——— Perhaps ſome external Object 'may have preſented itſelf, that has excited a 'little Fume of Melancholy; or perhaps your 'Ladyſhip may have heard a diſagreeable Piece 'of News; or perhaps the Hazineſs of the 'Weather may have caſt a kind of a——a 'kind of a Lethargy over the animal Spirits, 'or perhaps mere want of Sleep may have left 'a *Tedium* on the Brain; or a thouſand Things 'may have contributed — but you muſt not be 'alarmed, you muſt not be alarmed, Madam! 'we ſhall remedy all that; we ſhall brace up 'your Nerves, and give a new Flow to the 'Blood.' 'O Doctor, ſaid ſhe, interrupting 'him, I am afraid you comfort with vain 'Hopes. My Blood is quite in a State of Stag- 'nation, Doctor; and I believe it will never 'flow any more——Do, feel my Pulſe, Doc- 'tor!' Let us ſee, let us ſee, anſwered the 'Phyſician, taking hold of her Hand, Stagna- 'tion! bleſs us, Madam! No, no, your Pulſe 'beats very regularly and floridly, I proteſt, 'and your Ladyſhip will do very well again in 'time — but you muſt take time, Madam! 'That Plexus of Nerves upon the Stomach, 'which I have often deſcribed to you as the 'Seat of your Diſorder, wants ſome corrobo- 'rating Help to give them a new Springineſs 'and Elaſticity; and when Things are relax- 'ed, you know, Madam, they will be out of 'Order. You ſee it is the Caſe in all mechan- 'ical Machines, and of Courſe it muſt be the 'ſame in the Human Œconomy; for we are 'but Machines, we are nothing but Machines, 'Madam!' 'O Sir, replyed the Lady, I care

not

'not what we are; but do, for Heaven's ſake,
'redeem me from the Miſeries I ſuffer.' 'I
'will, Madam, returned the Doctor; I'll pawn
'my Honour on your Recovery; but you muſt
'take time, Madam, your Ladyſhip muſt have
'Patience, and not expect Miracles to be
'wrought in a Day. Time, Madam, con-
'quers every thing, and you need not doubt
'but we ſhall ſet you up again—in time.
'How do you find your Appetite? Do you eat,
'Madam?' 'Not at all, Sir, anſwered the
'Lady, not at all; I have neither Stomach,
'nor Appetite, nor Strength, nor any thing
'in the World? and I believe verily, I can't
'live a Week longer—I drank a little Choco-
'late yeſterday Morning, Sir, and got down a
'little Baſon of Broth at Noon, and eat a Pi-
'geon for my Dinner, and made a ſhift to get
'down another little Baſon of Broth at Night
'—but I can't eat at all, Sir; my Appetite
'fails me more and more every Day, and I live
'upon mere nothing.'

MUCH more of this kind of Converſation paſſed between them, which we will not ſtay to relate. When the Doctor had taken his Leave, the good natured Huſband met him at the Bottom of the Stairs, and very tenderly enquired how he had left his Spouſe? To this, the Son of *Eſculapius* anſwered, *Quite brave, Sir*; and aſſured him there was no doubt to be made of her Recovery; adding at the ſame time,
'If you can perſwade her to believe herſelf well,
'Sir, you will be her beſt Phyſician.' 'Do
'you think ſo, Doctor, ſaid *Qualmſick* with a
'ſilly Smile?' 'Sir, I am ſure of it, anſwered
'the Phyſician.' After which Words he flew

to

to his Coach, and drove away to the Deſtruction of other Patients.

QUALMSICK immediately poſted up Stairs to his Wife's Apartment to try the Effect of his Perſwaſions upon her, little thinking what a dangerous Office he was about to undertake. He began with Congratulating her on the Amendment of her Health, and ſaid he was very glad to find from the Account her Phyſician had been giving, that ſhe was in a very fair way of Recovery. This extreamly ſurprized her, and weak as ſhe was, ſhe began to put much Reſentment into her Countenance; which *Qualmſick* obſerving, proceeded in the following manner. 'Come, come, my Dear, you 'muſt not deceive us any longer — we know 'how it is; we know you are well enough, 'my Dear, if you would but fancy yourſelf ſo '— Do but lay aſide your Vapours and Imagi-'nations, and I warrant you will have your 'Health for the future.'

THIS was the firſt time that *Qualmſick* ever preſumed to talk in this audacious Strain to his Wife; which incenſed her ſo much, that ſhe immediately burſt out in Tears, and fell upon him with all the Bitterneſs of Paſſion. 'Bar-'barous Monſter, cried ſhe, how dare you in-'ſult over my Miſeries, when I am juſt at the 'Point of Death? You might as well take a 'Knife and ſtab me to the Heart, you might '— brutal, inhuman Wretch, thus to ridicule 'my Afflictions!— Get out of the Room, go, 'and let me never ſee your Face any more'

QUALMSICK was ſo aſtounded at the *Premunire* he had drawn himſelf into, that he knew not at firſt what to think or anſwer; but when

 he

he had a little recovered his Wits, which were none of the beſt, he endeavoured to lay the Blame on the Phyſician, and aſſured his Wife, that whatever he had uttered, was by the Advice and Inſtigation of her Doctor. ‘ ’Tis a ‘ Lie, cried ſhe blubbering, ’tis a horrid Lie; ‘ the Doctor has too much Humanity to contradict me, when I tell him I am at the Point ‘ of Death—No; ’tis your own Artifice, inhuman Monſter! you want to get rid of me, ‘ Barbarian! and this is the Method you have ‘ taken to murder me. I am going faſt enough ‘ already, but thou wilt not ſuffer me to die in ‘ Peace———Get out of the Room, Cannibal, ‘ and never preſume to come into my Preſence ‘ any more.’

With this terrible Injunction he was obliged to comply, and it was near a Fortnight before ſhe admitted him to make his Peace; which, however, he did at length, with many Proteſtations of Sorrow for his paſt Offence, and repeated Aſſurances of behaving with more Humility for the future. The Phyſician, who gave Occaſion to this Diſpute, now fell a Sacrifice to it, and was immediately diſcarded for daring to ſuppoſe that a Lady was well, when ſhe had made ſuch a vehement Reſolution to be ill.

CHAP.

CHAP. XII.

Our Hero goes to the Univerſity of Cambridge.

POMPEY had the good Fortune to bark one Day, when his Lady's Head was at the worſt; whether deſignedly, or not, is difficult to determine; but the Sound ſo *pierced her Brain*, and *affected her Nerves*, that ſhe reſolved no longer to keep him in her own Apartments. And thus the ſame Action, which had unfortunately baniſhed him from the Preſence of *Aurora*, was now altogether as favourable in redeeming him from the ſick Chamber, or rather Hoſpital of Mrs. *Qualmſick*.

MRS. *Qualmſick* had a Son, who was about this Time going to the Univerſity of *Cambridge*, and as the young Gentleman had taken a Fancy to *Pompey*, he eaſily prevailed to carry him along with him, as a Companion to that great Seat of Learning.

YOUNG *Qualmſick* inherited neither the hypochondriacal Diſpoſition of his Mother, nor the inſipid Meekneſs of his Father; but, on the contrary, was bleſſed with a good Share of Health, had a great Flow of Animal Spirits, and a moſt violent Appetite for Pleaſure. He received the firſt Part of his Education at *Weſtminſter* School, where he had acquired what is uſually called, *a very pretty Knowledge of the Town*; that is to ſay, he had been introduced, at the Age of Thirteen, into the moſt noted Bagnios, knew the Names of the moſt celebrated Women of Pleaſure, and could drink his two Bottles of Claret in an Evening, with-

out being greatly disordered in his Understanding. At the Age of Seventeen, it was judged proper for him, merely out of Fashion, and to be like other young Gentlemen of his Acquaintance, to take Lodgings at an University; whither he went with a hearty Contempt of the Place, and a determined Resolution never to receive any Profit from it.

He was admitted under a Tutor, who knew no more of the World than if he had been bred up in a Forest, and whose sour pedantic Genius was ill-qualified to cope with the Vivacity and Spirit of a young Gentleman, warm in the Pursuit of Pleasure, and one who required much Address, and very artful Management, to make any kind of Restraint palatable and easy to him.

He was admitted in the Rank of a Fellow-commoner, which, according to the Definition given by a Member of the University in a Court of Justice, is one who sits at the same Table, and *enjoys the Conversation* of the Fellows. It differs from what is called a Gentleman-commoner at *Oxford*, not only in the Name, but also in the greater Privileges and Licences indulged to the Members of this Order; who do not only *enjoy the Conversation of the Fellows*, but likewise a full Liberty of following their own Imaginations in every Thing. For as Tutors and Governors of Colleges have usually pretty sagacious Noses after Preferment, they think it impolitic to cross the Inclinations of young Gentlemen, who are Heirs to great Estates, and from whom they expect Benefices and Dignities hereafter, as Rewards for *their Want of Care of them*, while they were

under

under their Protection. From hence it comes to pass, that Pupils of this Rank are excused from all public Exercises, and allowed to absent themselves at Pleasure from the private Lectures in their Tutors Rooms, as often as they have made a Party for Hunting, or an Engagement at the Tennis-court, or are not well recovered from their Evening's Debauch. And whilst a poor unhappy Soph, of no Fortune, is often expelled for the most trivial Offences, or merely to humour the capricious Resentment of his Tutor, who happens to dislike his Face; young Noblemen, and Heirs of great Estates, may commit any Illegalities, and, if they please, overturn a College with Impunity.

YOUNG *Qualmsick* very early began to display his Genius, and was soon distinguished for one of the most enterprizing Spirits in the University. No-body set Order and Regularity at greater Defiance, or with more heroic Bravery than he did; which made him quickly be chosen Captain-general by his Comrades, in all their Parties of Pleasure, and Expeditions of Jollity. Many Pranks are recorded of his performing, which made the Place resound with his Name; but one of his Exploits being attended with Circumstances of a very droll Nature, we cannot forbear relating it.

THERE was in the same College, a young Master of Arts, *Williams* by Name, who had been elected into the Society, in Preference to one of greater Genius and Learning, because he used to make a lower Bow to the Fellows, whenever he passed by them, and was not likely to disgrace any of his Seniors by the Supe-

riority of his Parts. This Gentleman concluding now there was no farther Occaſion of Study, after he had obtained a Fellowſhip, which had long been the Object of his Ambition, gave himſelf over to Purſuits more agreeable to his Temper, and ſpent the chief of his Time in drinking Tea with Barbers Daughters, and other young Ladies of Faſhion in the Univerſity, who there take to themſelves the Name of *Miſſes*, and receive amorous Gownſmen at their Ruelles. For nothing more is neceſſary to accompliſh a young Lady at *Cambridge*, than a ſecond-hand Capuchin, a white waſhing Gown, a Pair of dirty Silk Shoes, and long Muſlin Ruffles; in which Dreſs they take the Air in the public Walks every *Sunday*, to make Conqueſts, and receive their Admirers all the reſt of the Week at their Tea-tables. Now *Williams*, having a great deal of dangling Good-nature about him, was very ſucceſsful in winning the Affections of theſe Academical Miſſes, and had a large Acquaintance among them. The three Miſs *Higginſes*, whoſe Mother kept the Sun Tavern; Miſs *Polly Jackſon*, a Baker's Daughter; the celebrated *Fanny Hill*, ſole Heireſs of a Taylor, and Miſs *Jenny* of the Coffee-houſe, were all great Admirers of our College-gallant; and Fame reported, that he had Admiſſion to ſome of their Bed-chambers, as well as to their Tea-tables. Upon this Preſumption, young *Qualmſick* laid his Head together with other young Gentlemen, his Comrades, to play him a Trick, which we now proceed to diſcloſe.

About this Time, a Bed-maker of the College was unfortunately brought to Bed, without having any Huſband to father the Child;

Child; and as our Master of Arts was suspected, among others, to have had a Share in the Generation of the new-born Infant, being a Gentleman of an amorous Nature, it occurred to young *Qualmsick* to make the following Experiment upon him.

As Mr. *Williams* was coming out of his Chamber one Morning early to go to Chapel, he found a Basket standing at his Door on the Top of his Stair-case, with a Direction to himself, and a Letter tied to the Handle of the Basket. He stood some little Time guessing from whom such a Present could come, but as he had expected a Parcel from *London* by the Coach for a Week before, he naturally concluded this to be the same, and that it had been brought by a Porter from the Inn, and left at his Door before he was awake in the Morning. With this Thought he opened the Letter, and read to the following Effect.

Honorable Sir,

'AM surprized should use me in such a Manner; have never seen one Farthing of your Money, since was brought To-bed, which is a Shame and a wicked Sin. Wherefore have sent you your own Bastard to provide for, and am your dutiful Sarvant to command tell Death——

Betty Trollop.

THE Astonishment, which seized our Master of Arts at the perusal of this Letter, may easily be imagined, but not so easily described: He turned pale, staggered, and looked like *Banquo*'s Ghost in the Play; but as his Con-

ſcience excuſed him from the Crime laid to his Charge, he reſolved (as ſoon as his Confuſion would ſuffer him to reſolve) to make a public Example of the Wretch, that had dared to lay her Iniquities at his Door. To this end, as ſoon as Chapel was over, he deſired the Maſter of the College to convene all the Fellows in the Common-room, for he had an Affair of great Conſequence to lay before them. When the Reverend Divan was met according to his Deſire, he produced the Baſket, and with an audible Voice read the Letter, which had been annexed to it: After which he made a long Oration on the unparallelled Impudence of the Harlot, who had attempted to ſcandalize him in this audacious Manner, and concluded with deſiring the moſt exemplary Puniſhment might be inflicted on her; for he ſaid, unleſs they diſcouraged ſuch a Piece of Villainy with proper Severity, it might hereafter be their own Lots, if they were remiſs in puniſhing the preſent Offender. They all heard him with great Aſtoniſhment, and many of them ſeemed to rejoice inwardly, that the Baſket had not travelled to their Doors; as thinking, perhaps, it would have been unfatherly and unnatural to have refuſed it Admittance. But the Maſter of the College taking the Thing a little more ſeriouſly, declared, that if Mr. *Williams* had not been known to treſpaſs in that Way, the Girl would never have ſingled him out to father her Iniquities upon him; however as the Thing had happened, and he had proteſted himſelf innocent, he ſaid he would take care the Strumpet ſhould be puniſhed for her Impudence. He then ordered the Baſket to be unpacked;

which

which was performed by the Butler of the College, in preſence of the whole Fraternity; when lo!——inſtead of a Child, puling and crying for its Father, out-leaped *Pompey*, the little Hero of this little Hiſtory; who had been encloſed in that Oſier Confinement by young *Qualmſick*, and convey'd very early in the Morning to Mr. *Williams*'s Chamber-door. The grave Aſſembly were aſtoniſhed and enraged at the Diſcovery, finding themſelves convened only to be ridiculed; and all of them gazed on our Hero with the ſame kind of Aſpect, as did the Daughters of *Cecrops* on the deformed *Erichthonius*, when their Curioſity tempted them to peep into the Baſket, which *Minerva* had put into their Hands, with poſitive Commands to the contrary.

CHAP. XIII.

The Character of a Maſter of Arts at a Univerſity.

WILLIAMS, tho' much aſhamed and out of Countenance, was yet in his Heart very glad to be relieved from the Apprehenſions of maintaining a Baſtard, which he imagined would add no great Luſtre to his Reputation as a Fellow of a College. When therefore *Pompey* made his Eſcape out of his wicker Priſon, he was in reality pleaſed with the Diſcovery, which put an end to his Fears; and feigning himſelf diverted with the Humour of the Thing, took the little Adventurer home to his own Chambers. Thus our Hero changed his Maſter, which gives us an Opportunity of explaining ſome farther Particulars of that Gentleman's Character, being, I believe, not an uncommon one in either of our Univerſities.

IF we were in a hurry to deſcribe him, it might be done effectually in two or three Words, by calling him *a moſt egregious Trifler*; but as we have Leiſure to be a little more circumſtantial, the Reader is like to be troubled with a Day's Journal of his Actions.

HE was in the firſt Place a Man of the moſt exact and punctilious Neatneſs; his Shoes were always blacked in the niceſt Manner, his Wigs powdered with the moſt finical Delicacy, and he would ſcold his Laundreſs for a whole Morning together, if he diſcovered a wry Plait in the Sleeve of his Shirt, or the leaſt Speck of Dirt on any Part of his Linen. He roſe conſtantly to Chapel, and afterwards proceeded

with

with great Importance to Breakfaſt, which moderately ſpeaking took up two Hours of his Morning; for when he had done ſipping his Tea, he uſed to waſh up the Cups with the moſt orderly Exactneſs, and replace them with the utmoſt Regularity in their Corner-cupboard. After this, he drew on his Boots, ordered his Horſe, and rode out for the Air, having been told that a ſedentary Life is deſtructive of the Conſtitution, and that too much Study impairs the Health. At his Return he had barely Time to waſh his Hands, clean his Teeth, and put on a freſh-powdered Wig, before the College-bell ſummoned him to Dinner in the public Hall. When this great Affair was ended, he ſpent an Hour with the reſt of the Fellows in the Common-room to digeſt his Meal, and then went to the Coffee-houſe to read the News-papers; where he loitered away that heavy Interval, which paſſed between Dinner and the Hour appointed for Afternoon Tea: But as ſoon as the Clock ſtruck Three, he tucked up his Gown, and flew with all imaginable Haſte to ſome of the young Ladies above-mentioned, who all eſteemed him a prodigious Genius, and were ready to laugh at his Wit before he had opened his Mouth. In theſe agreeable Viſits he remained till the Time of Evening Chapel; and when this was over, Supper ſucceeded next to find him freſh Employment; from whence he repaired again to the Coffee-Houſe, and then to ſome Engagement he had made at a Friend's Room to ſpend the remaining Part of the Evening. By this Account of his Day's Tranſactions, the Reader will ſee how very impoſſible it was for him

to

to find Leiſure for Study in the midſt of ſo many important Avocations; yet he made a ſhift ſometimes to play half a Tune on the German Flute in a Morning, and once in a Quarter of a Year took the Pains to tranſcribe a Sermon out of various Authors.

ANOTHER Part of his Character was a great Affectation of Politeneſs, which is more pretended to in Univerſities, where leſs of it is practiſed, than in any other Part of the Kingdom. Thus *Williams*, like many others, was always talking of *genteel Life*, to which end he was plentifully provided with Stories by a Female Couſin, who kept a Milliner's Shop in *London*, and never failed to let him know by Letters, what paſſed among *the Great*: Tho' ſhe frequently miſtook the Names of People, and attributed Scandal to one Lord, which was the Property of another. Her Couſin however did not find out the Miſtakes, but retailed her Blunders about the College with great Confidence and Security.

BUT nothing in the World pleaſed him more than ſhewing the Univerſity to Strangers, and eſpecially to Ladies, which he thought gave him an Air of Acquaintance with the *genteel World*; and on ſuch Occaſions, if he could prevail on them to dine with him, he would affect to make expenſive Entertainments, which neither his private Fortune nor the Income of his Fellowſhip could afford.

CHAP.

CHAP. XIV.

Another College-Character.

ABOUT this Time three Ladies happened to be returning out of the *North*, whither they had been to make a Summer-Viſit, and were inclined to take *Cambridge* in their Way home; which Place they believed to be worthy of their Curioſity, having never ſeen it. For this Purpoſe they procured a double Recommendation to two Gentlemen of different Colleges, leſt one of them ſhould happen to be abſent at the Time of their Arrival. One of theſe Gentlemen was the Reverend Mr. *Williams*, who received a Letter from a Friend of his, advertiſing him of the Arrival of three Ladies, and deſiring he would aſſiſt their Curioſity in ſhewing them the Univerſity. At the ſame Time came another Letter from another Gentleman to an ancient Doctor of Divinity, whoſe Character we ſhall here diſcloſe.

THIS Gentleman in his Youth, when his Friend was at College, had been a Man of great Gaiety, and ſtands upon Record for the firſt Perſon who introduced Tea-drinking into the Univerſity of *Cambridge*. He had good Parts, improved by much claſſical Reading; but it was his Misfortune very early in Life to fall in Love with an Apothecary's Daughter, with whom he maintained a Courtſhip near Twenty Years; in which Time he laboured by all Means in his Power, but without Succeſs, to obtain a Living, as the Foundation of Matrimony. For tho' his Vivacity had rendered

him

him agreeable to many young Gentlemen of Fortune, who were his Cotemporaries at College, he found himſelf forgotten by them, when they came into the World, and too late experienced the Difference between a Companion and a Friend. Diſappointed in all his Hopes, and growing ſick of a tedious Courtſhip, he ſhut himſelf up in his Chamber, and there abandoned himſelf to Melancholy: He ſhunned all his Friends, and became a perfect Recluſe; appeared but ſeldom at Meals in the College-hall, and then with ſo wild a Face and unfaſhionable a Dreſs, that all the younger Part of the College, who knew nothing of his Hiſtory, eſteemed him a Madman. This was the Perſon recommended to conduct Ladies about the Univerſity; for his Friend unluckily made no Allowance for the Fifty Years that had elapſed ſince his own leaving the College, but concluded his old Acquaintance to be the ſame Man of Gallantry in his Age, which he had formerly remembered him in his Youth.

When the Ladies arrived at *Cambridge*, accompanied by a Gentleman, who was their Relation, they laid their Heads together to conſider what Meaſures they ſhould purſue; and all agreeing that it would be proper to pay the Doctor a Viſit at his Chamber, they ſet out in a Body for that Purpoſe. Being directed to his College, and having with Difficulty found out his Stair-Caſe, they mounted it with many weariſome Steps, and knocked at the Door for Admittance. It was a long while before the Sound pierced thro' the ſevenfold Night-caps of the old Doctor, who ſat dozing

half

half-asleep in an Elbow-chair by a Fire almost extinguished. When he had opened the Door, he started back at the Sight of Ladies with as much Amazement as if he had seen a Ghost, and kept the Door half-shut in his Hand, to prevent their Entrance into his Room. Indeed his Apartment was not a Spectacle that deserved Exhibition, for it seemed not to have been swept for Twenty Years past, and lay in great Disorder, scattered over with mouldy Books and yellow Manuscripts. The Cobwebs extended themselves from one Corner of the Room to the other, and the Mice and Rats took their Pastime about the Floor with as much Security as if it had been uninhabited. On a Table stood a Can of Stale Small Beer, and a Plate of Cheese-parings, the Relicks of his last Night's Supper: All which Appearances created such Astonishment in his Visiters, that they began to believe themselves directed to a wrong Person, and thought it impossible for this to be the gay Gentleman, who had been recommended to them as the Perfection of Courtesy and Good-breeding.

When therefore they had suppressed their Inclination to laugh as well as they could, the Gentleman who was Spokesman of the Party, began to beg Pardon for the Disturbance they had given in consequence of a wrong Information, and desired to be directed to the Chambers of Doctor *Clouse*. 'Oho, said the Doc-'tor, What—I warrant you are the *Folks* that 'I received a Letter about last Week!' The Gentleman then assured him they were the same, and begged the favour of his Assistance, if it was not too much Trouble, to shew the

Ladies

Ladies the Univerſity, which they would acknowledge as a very particular Favour. 'A-lack-a-day! anſwered he with a ſtammering 'Voice, I ſhould be very glad Sir, to do the 'Ladies any Service in my Power; but really 'I proteſt, Sir, I have almoſt forgot the Uni-'verſity. 'Tis many Years ſince I have ventu-'red out of my own College, and indeed it is 'not often that I go out of myRoom.—You'll 'find ſome younger Man, Ladies, that knows 'more of the Matter than I do; for I ſuppoſe 'every Thing is alter'd ſince my Time, and I 'queſtion whether I ſhould know my Way 'about the Streets:' After which Words he made a Motion to retire into his Chamber, which the Company obſerving, aſked Pardon once more for the Diſturbance they had given, and made haſte away to laugh at this uncommon Adventure.

CHAP.

CHAP. XV.

A prodigious short Chapter.

WHEN the Gentlemen and Ladies were got back to their Inn, they diverted themselves with much Raillery at the old Doctor's Expence, and began to despair of any better Success from their second Recommendation, charitably concluding that all the Members of the University were like the Gentleman they had seen. They resolved therefore not to be at the Trouble of visiting Mr. *Williams*, but sent a Messenger from the Inn to inform him of their Arrival, and beg the Favour of his Company at Supper; which Invitation, however, they would gladly have excused him from accepting, for they were grown sick of the Place, and determined to leave it early the next Morning.

WILLIAMS, who had lived in Expectation of their coming several Days, posted away to the Inn with all imaginable Dispatch, and with many academical Compliments, welcomed them to *Cambridge*. He staid Supper, and the Evening was spent with a good deal of Mirth; for when the Ladies found they had to do with a human Being, they recounted the Adventure of the old Doctor, and *Williams*, in return, entertained them with several others of a similar Nature. Nor did he depart to his College, till he had made them promise to dine with him at his Chambers the next Day.

EARLY in the Morning then he rose with the Lark, and held a Consultation with the

College

College Cook concerning the Dinner, and other Particulars of the Entertainment: For as he had never yet been honoured with Company of so high a Rank, he resolved to do what
was handsome, and send them away with an Opinion of his Politeness. Among many other Devices he had *to be genteel*, one very well deserves mentioning, being of a very academical Nature indeed; for he was at the Expence of purchasing a *China Vase* of a certain Shape, which sometimes passes under a more vulgar Name, to set in his Bed-chamber; that if the Ladies should chuse to retire after Dinner, for the sake of *looking at the Pattern of his Bed*, or to *see the Prospect out of his Window*, or from any other Motive of Curiosity, they might have the Pleasure of *being served in China*.

WHEN these Affairs were settled, he dressed himself in his best Array, and went to bid the Ladies good-morrow. As soon as they had breakfasted, he conducted them about the University, and shewed them all the Rarities of *Cambridge*. They observed, *that such a thing was very grand, another thing was very neat, and that there were a great many Books in the Libraries, which they thought it impossible for any Man to read through, tho' he was to live as long as* Methuselah.

WHEN their Curiosity was satisfied, and *Williams* had indulged every Wish of Vanity, in being seen to escort Ladies about the University, and to hand them out of their Coach, they all retired to his Chambers to Dinner. Much Conversation passed, not worth recording and when the Cloth was taken away, little *Pompey* was produced on the Table for the Ladies to admire him. They were greatly struck

with

with his Beauty; and one of them took Courage to ask him as a Present, which the complaisant Master of Arts, in his great Civility, complied with, and immediately delivered him into the Lady's Hands. He likewise related the Story, how he came into his Possession, which another Person perhaps would have suppressed; but *Williams* was so transported with his Company, that he was half out of his Wits with Joy, and his Conversation was as ridiculous as his Behaviour.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVI.

Pompey *returns to* London, *and occaſions a remarkable Diſpute in the* Mall.

ONCE more then our Hero ſet out for the Metropolis of *Great-Britain*, and after an eaſy Journey of two Days, arrived at a certain Square, where his Miſtreſſes kept their Court. To theſe Ladies, not improperly might be applied the Queſtion which *Archer* aſks in the Play, *Pray which of you three is the old Lady?* the Mother being full as youthful and airy as the Daughters, and the Daughters almoſt as ancient as the Mother.

Now as Fortune often diſpoſes Things in the moſt whimſical and ſurprizing Manner, it ſo happened, that one of his Miſtreſſes took him with her one Morning into St. *James's Park*, and ſet him down on his Legs almoſt in the very ſame Part of the *Mall*, from whence he had formerly made his Eſcape from Lady *Tempeſt* near eight Years before, as is recorded in the firſt Part of his Hiſtory. Her Ladyſhip was walking this Morning for the Air, and happened to paſs by almoſt at the very Inſtant that the little Adventurer was ſet on his Legs to take his Diverſion. She ſpied him in a Moment, with great Quickneſs of Diſcernment, and immediately recollecting her old Acquaintance, caught him up in her Arms, and fell to kiſſing him with the higheſt Extravagance of Joy. His preſent Owner perceiving this, and thinking only that the Lady was pleaſed with the Beauty of her Dog, and had a Mind to

compliment

compliment him with a few Kiſſes, paſſed on without interrupting her: But when ſhe ſaw her Ladyſhip preparing to carry him out of the *Mall* in her Arms, ſhe advanced haſtily towards her, and redemanded her Favourite in the following Terms: 'Pray, Madam, what is 'your Ladyſhip going to do with that Dog?' Lady *Tempeſt* replied, 'Nothing in the World, 'Madam, but take him home with me.' 'And pray, Madam, what Right has your 'Ladyſhip to take a Dog that belongs to me?' 'None, my dear! anſwered Lady *Tempeſt*; 'but I take him, Child, becauſe he belongs 'to me.' 'Tis falſe, ſaid the other Lady, I 'aver it to be falſe; he was given me by a 'Gentleman of *Cambridge*, and I inſiſt upon 'your Ladyſhip's replacing him upon his 'Legs, this individual Moment.' To this, Lady *Tempeſt* replied only with a Sneer, and was walking off with our Hero; which ſo greatly aggravated the Rage of her Antagoniſt, that ſhe now loſt all Patience, and began to exert herſelf in a much higher Key. 'Madam, 'ſaid ſhe, I would have you to know, Madam, 'that I am not to be treated in this *ſuperlative* '*Manner*. Your Ladyſhip may affect to ſneer, 'if you pleaſe, Madam, and ſhew a Contempt, 'Madam, which is more due to your own 'Actions than to me, Madam; for thank 'Heaven, I have ſome Regard to Decency in 'my Actions.' 'Dear, Miſs! don't be in a 'Paſſion, replied Lady *Tempeſt*; it will ſpoil 'your Complexion, Child, and perhaps ruin 'your Fortune——but will you be pleaſed 'to know, my Dear, that I loſt this Dog 'eight Years ago in the *Mall*, and advertiſed

'him

'him in all the News-papers, tho' you or 'your Friend at *Cambridge*, who did me the 'Favour to ſteal him, were not ſo obliging as 'to reſtore him?—And will you be pleaſed to 'know likewiſe, young Lady, that I have a 'Right to take my Property wherever I find 'it?' 'Tis impoſſible, cried the other Lady, 'toſſing back her Head, 'tis impoſſible to re-'member a Dog after eight Years abſence; I 'aver it to be impoſſible, and nothing ſhall 'perſuade me to believe it. 'I proteſt, my 'Dear, anſwered Lady *Tempeſt*, I know not 'what Sort of a Memory you may be bleſt 'with, but really, I can remember Things of 'a much longer Date; and as a freſh Inſtance 'of my Memory, I think, my Dear, I re-'member you repreſenting the Character of a 'young Lady for near theſe twenry Years 'about Town. 'Madam, returned the Lady 'of inferior Rank, now inflamed with the 'higheſt Indignation; you may remember 'yourſelf, Madam, repreſenting a much worſe 'Character, Madam, for a greater Number of 'Years. It would be well, Madam, if your 'Memory was not altogether ſo good, Ma-'dam, unleſs your Actions were better.'

THE War of Tongues now began to rage with the greateſt Violence, and nothing was ſpared that Wit could ſuggeſt on the one Side, or Malice on the other. The Beaux, and Belles, and Witlings, who were walking that Morning in the *Mall*, aſſembled round the Combatants at firſt, out of Curioſity, and for the Sake of Entertainment; but they ſoon began to take Sides in the Diſpute, 'till at length it became one univerſal Scene of Wrangle; and

and no Cauſe in *Weſtminſter-Hall* was ever more puzzled by the Multitude of Voices all contending at once for the Victory. At laſt, Lady *Tempeſt* ſcorning this Altercation, told her Adverſary, 'Well, Madam, if you pleaſe to 'ſcold for the publick Diverſion, pray continue; 'but for my Part, I ſhall no longer make my-'ſelf the *Spectacle* of a Mob.' And ſo ſay-'ing, ſhe walked courageouſly off with little *Pompey* under her Arm. It was impoſſible for her Rival to prevent her; who likewiſe immediately after quitted the *Mall*, and flew home,, ready to burſt with Shame, Spite, and Indignation.

LADY *Tempeſt* had not been long at her Toilette, before the following little Scroll was brought to her; and ſhe was informed, that a Footman waited below in great Hurry for an Anſwer. The Note was to this Effect.

Madam,

'IF it was poſſible for me to wonder at any 'of your Actions, I ſhould be aſtoniſhed at 'your Behaviour of this Morning. Reſtore 'my Dog by the Bearer of this Letter, or by 'the living G—d, I will immmediately com-'mence a Proſecution againſt you in Chancery, 'and recover him by Force of Law.

'*Yours*——

LADY *Tempeſt*. without any Heſitation, returned the following Anſwer.

'*Madam*,

'I HAVE laughed moſt heartily at your 'ingenious Epiſtle; and am prodigiouſly di-

'verted

'verted with your Menaces of a Law-Suit. '*Pompey* ſhall be ready to put in his Anſwer, 'as ſoon as he hears your Bill is filed in Chan-'cery.

'*I am, dear Miſs, yours,*

'TEMPEST.

CHAP.

CHAP. XVII.

A terrible Misfortune happens to our Hero, which brings his History to a Conclusion.

THIS Letter inflamed the Lady so much, that she immediately ordered her Coach, and drove away to *Lincoln's-Inn*, to consult her Sollicitor. She found him in his Chambers, surrounded with Briefs, and haranguing to two Gentlemen, who had made him Arbitrator in a very important Controversy, concerning the Dilapidations of a Pig-stye. On the Arrival of our Lady, the Man of Law started from his Chair, and conducted her with much Civility to a Settee which stood by his Fire-side; then turning to his two Clients, whom he thought he had already treated with a proper Quantity of Eloquence, 'Well, Gentlemen, 'said he, when your respective Attornies have 'drawn up your several Cases, let them be 'sent to me, and I'll give Determination upon 'them with all possible Dispatch.' This Speech had the desired Effect in driving them away, and as soon as they were gone, addressing himself with an Affectation of much Politeness to the Mistress of little *Pompey*, he began to enquire after the *good Lady her Mother*, and *the good Lady her Sister*——but our Heroine was so impatient to open her Cause, that she hardly allowed herself Time to answer his Questions, before she began in the following Manner. 'Sir, I was walking this Morn-'ing in the *Mall*, when a certain extraordinary 'Lady, whose Actions are always of a very 'extraordinary Nature, was pleased, in a most 'peculiar Manner, to steal my Lap-dog from

'me.' 'Steal your Lap-dog from you, Ma-
'dam, ſaid the Man of Law; I proteſt, a
'very extraordinary Tranſaction indeed! And
'pray Madam, what could induce her to be
'guilty of ſuch a Miſbehaviour?' 'Induce
'her! cried the Lady eagerly; Sir, ſhe wants
'no Inducement to be guilty of any thing that
'is audacious and impudent.—But, Sir, I de-
'ſire you would immediately commence a Suit
'againſt her in Chancery, and puſh the Affair
'on with all poſſible Rapidity, for I am re-
'ſolved to recover the Dog, if it coſts me
'Ten Thouſand Pounds.' The Counſellor
ſmiled, and commended her aeſolutions; but
pauſed a litle, and ſeemed puzzled at the No-
velty of the Caſe. Madom, ſaid he, undoubt-
'edly your Ladyſhip does right to aſſert your
'Property, for we ſhould all ſoon be reduced
'to a State of Nature, if there were no Courts
'of Law; and therefore your Ladyſhip is
'highly to be applauded—but there is ſome-
'thing very peculiar in the Nature of Dogs—
'There is no Queſtion, Madam, but they are
'to be conſidered under the Denomination of
'Property, and not to be deemed *feræ Na-*
'*turæ*, Things of no Value, as ignorant People
'fooliſhly imagine; but I ſay, Madam, there
'is ſomething very peculiar in their Nature,
'Madam.—Their prodigious Attachment to
'Man inclines them to follow any body that
'calls them, and that makes it ſo difficult to
'fix a Theft.—Now, if a Man calls a Sheep,
'or calls a Cow, or calls a Horſe, why he
'might call long enough before they would
'come, becauſe they are not Creatures of a
'*following Nature*, and therefore our penal
'Laws have made it Felony with reſpect to
'thoſe Animals; but Dogs, Madam, have a

'ſtrange

'ſtrange undiſtinguiſhing Proneneſs to run
'after People's Heels.' 'Lord bleſs me, Sir!
'ſaid the Lady, ſomewhot angry at the Ora-
'tor's Declamation; what do you mean, Sir, by
'following People's Heels? I do proteſt and
'aſſeverate, that ſhe took him up in her Arms,
'and carried him away in Defiance of me, and
'the whole *Mall* was Witneſs of the Theft.'
'Very well, Madam, very well, replied the
'Counſellor, I was only ſtating the Caſe fully
'on Defendant's ſide, that you might have a
'comprehenſive View of the whole Affair,
'before we come to unravel it all again, and
'ſhew the Advantages on the Side of Plain-
'tiff.—Now tho' a Dog be of *a following Na-*
'*ture*, as I obſerved, and may be ſometimes
'tempted, and ſeduced, and inveigled away in
'ſuch a Manner, as makes it difficult—do you
'obſerve me—makes it difficult, I ſay, Madam,
'to fix a Theft on the Perſon ſeducing; yet,
'wherever Property is diſcovered and claimed,
'if the Poſſeſſor refuſes to reſtore it on De-
'mand,—on Demand, I ſay, becauſe De-
'mand muſt be made—refuſes to reſtore it,
'on Demand, to the proper, lawful Owner,
'there an Action lies, and under this Predica-
'ment, we ſhall recover our Lap-dog.' The
Lady ſeeming pleaſed with this Harangue, the
Orator continued in the following Manner;
'If therefore, Madam, this Lady—whoſoever
'ſhe is, *A.* or *B.* or any Name ſerves our
'Purpoſe—if, I ſay this extraordinary Lady,
'as your Ladyſhip juſt now deſcribed her,
'took your Dog before Witneſſes, and refuſed
'to reſtore it on Demand, why then we
'have a lawful Action, and ſhall recover Da-
'mages.—Pray, Madam, do you think you
'can ſwear to the Identity of the Dog, if he

'should be produced in a Court of Juſtice?' The Lady anſwered, 'Yes, ſhe could ſwear 'to him amongſt a Million, for there never 'was ſo remarkable a Creature.' 'And you 'firſt became poſſeſſed of him, you ſay, Ma- 'dam, at the Univerſity of *Cambridge*.— 'Pray, Madam, will the Gentleman who 'inveſted you with him, be ready to teſtify 'the Donation?' She anſwered affirmatively. 'And pray, Madam, what is the Colour of 'your Dog?' 'Black and White, Sir!' 'A 'Male, or Female, Madam?' To this the Lady replied, *She poſitively could not tell*; where- upon, the Counſellor, with a moſt ſapient Aſ- pect, declared he would ſearch his Books for a Precedent, and wait on her in a few Days to receive her final Determinations; but adviſed her, in the mean while, to try the Effect of another Letter upon her Ladyſhip, and once more threaten her with a Proſecution. He then waited upon her to her Chariot, obſerved that *it was a very fine Day*, and promiſed to uſe his utmoſt Endeavours to re-inſtate her in the Poſſeſſion of her Lap-dog.

This was the State of a Quarrel between two Ladies for a Dog, and it ſeemed as if all the Mouths of the Law would have opened on this important Affair (for Lady *Tempeſt* continued obſtinate in keeping him) had not a moſt un- lucky Accident happened to balk thoſe honour- able Gentlemen of their Fees, and diſappoint them of ſo hopeful a Topic for ſhewing their Abilities. This unfortunate Stroke was nothing leſs than the Death of our Hero, who was ſei- zed with a violent Pthiſic, and after a Week's Illneſs, departed this Life on the Second of *June*, 1749, and was gathered to the Lap-dogs of An- tiquity.

FROM

FROM the Moment that he fell ſick, his Miſtreſs ſpared no Expence for his Recovery, and had him attended by the moſt eminent Phyſicians of *London*; who, I am afraid, rather haſtened than delayed his Exit, according to the immemorial Cuſtom of that right venerable Fraternity. The Chamber-maids took it by Turns to ſit up with him every Night during his Illneſs, and her Ladyſhip was ſcarce ever away from him in the Day-time; but, alas! his Time was come, his Hour-glaſs was run out, and nothing could ſave him from paying a Viſit to the *Plutonian* Regions.

IT is difficult to ſay, whether her Ladyſhip's Sorrow now, or when ſhe formerly loſt him in the *Mall*, moſt exceeded the Bounds of Reaſon. He lay in State three Days after his Death, and her Ladyſhip, at firſt, took a Reſolution of having him embalmed, but as her Phyſicians informed her the Art was loſt, ſhe was obliged to give over that chimerical Project; otherwiſe, our Poſterity might have ſeen him, ſome Centuries hence, erected in a public Library at a Univerſity; and, perhaps, ſome Doctor, of great Eruidition, might have undertaken to prove, with Quotations from a Thouſand Authors, that he was formerly the *Egyptian Anubis*.

HOWEVER, tho' her Ladyſhip could not be gratified in her Deſires of embalming him, ſhe had him buried, with great Funeral Solemnity, in her Garden, and erected over him an elegant Marble Monument, which was inſcribed with the following Epitaph, by one of the greateſt Elegiac Poets of the preſent Age.

King of the Garden, blooming Roſe!
Which ſprang'ſt from Venus' *heavenly Woes,*
When weeping for Adonis *ſlain,*

Her

Her pearly Tears bedew'd the Plain,
Now let thy dewy Leaves bewail
A greater Beauty's greater Ill;
Ye Lillies! hang your drooping Head,
Ye Myrtles! weep for Pompey *dead;*
Light lie the Turf upon his Breaſt,
Peace to his Shade, and gentle Reſt.

CHAP. XVIII.

The CONCLUSION.

HAVING thus traced our Hero to the Fourteenth Year of his Age, which may be reckoned the Threeſcore and Ten of a Lap-dog, nothing now remains, but to draw his Character, for the Benefit and Information of Poſterity. In ſo doing we imitate the greateſt, and moſt celebrated Hiſtorians, Lord *Clarendon*, Dr. *Middleton*, and others, who, when they have put a Period to the Life of an eminent Perſon (and ſuch undoubtedly was our Hero) finiſh all with a Deſcription of his Morals, his Religion, and private Character: Nay, many Biographers go ſo far, as to record the Colour of their Hero's Complexion, the Shade of his Hair, the Height of his Stature, the Manner of his Diet, when he went to Bed at Night, at what Hour he roſe in the Morning, and other equally important Particulars; which cannot fail to convey the greateſt Satisfaction and Improvement to their Readers. Thus a certain Painter, who obliged the World with a Life of *Milton*, informs us, with an Air of great Importance, *that he was a ſhort thick Man*, and then recollecting himſelf, informs us a ſecond Time, upon maturer Deliberation, *that he was not a ſhort thick Man, but if he had been a little ſhorter, and a*

little

little thicker, he would have been a short thick Man; which prodigious Exactneſs, in an Affair of ſuch Conſequence, can never be ſufficiently applauded.

Now as to the Deſcription of our Hero's Perſon, that has already been given in an Advertiſement, penned by one of his Miſtreſſes, when he had the Misfortune to be loſt in *St. James's Park*, and therefore we will not trouble our Reader with a needleſs Repetition of it, but proceed to his Religion, his Morals, his Amours, *&c.* in Conformity to the Practice of other Hiſtorians.

It is to be remembered, in the firſt Place, to his Credit, that he was a Dog of the *moſt courtly Manners*, ready to fetch and carry, at the Command of all his Maſters, without ever conſidering the Service he has employed in, or the Perſon from whom he received his Directions: He would fawn likewiſe with the greateſt Humility, on People who treated him with Contempt, and was always particularly officious in his Zeal, whenever he expected a new Collar, or ſtood Candidate for a Ribbon with other Dogs, who made up the Retinue of the Family.

Far be it from us to deny, that in the firſt Part of his Life he gave himſelf an unlimited Freedom in his Amours, and was extravagantly licentious, not to ſay debauched, in his Morals; but whoever conſiders that he was born in the Houſe of an *Italian* Courteſan, that he made the grand Tour with a young Gentleman of Fortune, and afterwards lived near two Years with a Lady of Quality, will have more Reaſon to wonder that his Morals were not entirely corrupted, than that they were a little tainted by the ill Effect of ſuch dangerous Examples: Whereas, when he became acquainted with a Philoſophic Cat, who ſet him right in his miſ-

taken Apprehenſions of Things, he lived, afterwards, a Life of tolerable Regularity, and behaved with much Conſtancy to the Ladies, who were ſo happy as to engage his Affections.

As to Religion, we muſt ingenuouſly confeſs that he had none; in which Reſpect he had the Honour to bear an exact Reſemblance to all the well-bred People of the preſent Age, who have long ſince diſcarded Religion, as a needleſs and troubleſome Invention, calculated only to make People wiſe, virtuous, and unfaſhionable; and whoever will be at the Pains of peruſing the Lives and Actions of the Great World, will find them, in all Points, conformable to ſuch prodigious Principles.

IN Politics, it is difficult to ſay whether he was Whig or Tory, for he never was heard, on any Occaſion, to open his Mouth on that Subject, tho' he once ſerved a Lady, whom Love engaged very deeply in Party, and perhaps might have been admitted to vote at a certain Election, among the Numbers that compoſed that ſtupendous Poll.

FOR the latter Part of his Life, his chief Amuſement was to ſleep before the Fire; and Indolence grew upon him ſo much, as he advanced in Age, that he ſeldom cared to be diſturbed in his Slumbers, even to eat his Meals: His Eyes grew dim, his Limbs failed him, his Teeth dropped out of his Head, and, at length, a Pthiſic came very ſeaſonably to relieve him from the Pains and Calamities of long Life.

THUS periſhed little *Pompey*, or *Pompey the Little*, leaving his diſconſolate Miſtreſs to bemoan his Fate, and me to write his eventful Hiſtory.

FINIS.

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BSB Bayerische StaatsBibliothek

MDZ Münchener DigitalisierungsZentrum Digitale Bibliothek

Coventry, Francis

The history of Pompey the Little Or, the life and adventures of a lap-dog

Dublin 1751

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